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NO HOME.

BY L. C. WHITE.

There is a time—He worries—
When he swallows lozenges by
When the million rats of earth
Hold slow the western sky;
When the cattle tease at bars,
Throughout nature cease to roam,
But for me, He worries,
There is never more a home.

The fairest and the dearest,
Or the humblest sons of toil,
Find each day an hour of repose
And of rest from all turmoil,
And the patter—or the outage—
Has a comfort all its own,
While for me—the weary wanderer—
There is never more a home.

As I rear, over wanner,
Sad, and lonely, to and fro,
Seeking, seeking for a something
Even in vain would ask to find,
Ghastly hands are oft extended,
Doorstep doors are open thrown;
But, with all their wanted kindness,
It can never be a home.

Thus maybe I'll ever wander
With the universe borne and get,
Ever searching—never finding,
What my heart so longs to know,
That the searching will be ended,
And the wanderer cease to roam,
And this weary, hungry soul shall find
At last, thank God! a home.

SHORTY CITY, IOWA.

Clement Chenion;

OR

The Mysterious Ranger.

A STORY OF WILD WESTERN LIFE.

BY ROBERT A. RILEY.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE UNDER THE CLIFF.

On the limited stretch of the Rio Frio, named from the freshness of the pure element town of Uvalde, in the Texas, our story opens.

It was the month of September, 1842, and the "Lone Star" State was not then a member of the Federal Union, although various applications for annexation had been made by agents from President Houston to the Government at Washington; but all had proved unsuccessful.

The independence of Texas was not acknowledged by the Mexican Government, and predatory bands of Mexican soldiery often made inroads into the territory of the infant republic, plundering defenseless settlements, and plundering and murdering the inhabitants; and this was not the worst; the wily warlike Apache and Comanche Indians were continually making raids upon the frontier, so that in all the region south of the Colorado river there was scarcely a spot where life or property could be secure for a single hour; yet the hale Texan settlers still maintained an undaunted front, and many times the savages and lawless invaders were met in a manner not at all in accordance with their desires, and oftentimes had their numbers severely depleted in the sharp conflicts which ensued with the daring Texan rangers.

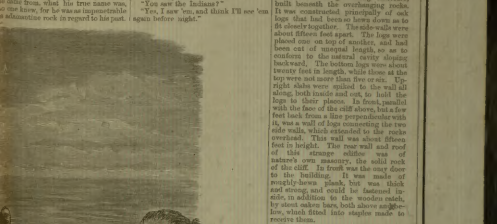
The Rio Frio is a tributary of the Nueces river. Toward its source the country is hilly, even mountainous; and near its banks its many places, picturesque.

At one place the river makes a very abrupt bend from a southeasterly direction to a northern, and, at the point where the curve begins, there are cliffs across the foot of a precipice almost 300 feet in height, and from this point leaves the precipice, but curves around, and takes the base only about a quarter of a mile below. The precipice is sourly of a solid rock about all the way along, and at no place would it be impossible for one to ascend in its natural means.

Between the Rio Frio and the precipice there is a strip of bottom about 250 yards across at the widest point, and gradually narrows away in each direction to the points where the river and precipice meet. Thus we see that this small trip of bottom land could only be reached by crossing the Rio Frio or by descending Bernard's Point, where the precipice is called. Crossing the Rio Frio at many points, either above or below the point which is so easy matter, for fords are numerous; but opposite the bluff, all the way around to where the stream above and below becomes unfordable, it is found to be utterly out of the question at any time, according to the testimony of the oldest rangers in that section of the country.

This strip of bottom land was timbered, as it were, by nature, is covered, or was at the time we write, with a heavy growth of timber indigenous to the soil. From the opposite bank of the Rio Frio the country slopes gradually away, presenting none of the stern, rugged features of this side, with only here and there a patch of timber; while half a mile back from the river a beautiful rolling prairie bends into view, closed in on the southern side, by the pellucid sugar-loaf-shaped hills of mountains of that region, which present rather a strange appearance, their sides and tops being covered with a thick growth of live oak and cedar, making them resemble huge hairy excrescences on the face of nature.

On the edge of the prairie, about half a mile from the Rio Frio, was a grove of mesquit trees, covering two or three acres, resembling, at a distance, a flourishing peach orchard. It was early in the morning, the sun just arising.



LARGE KILLY-KRASKY.

In the skirt of the grove, on the side facing the prairie, sat a man recently on horseback. He was dressed in a closely-fitting suit of gray material that set of his figure to advantage. He was about six feet high, and his swelling muscles indicated great physical power. Although his physique was well calculated to excite attention and admiration, yet much more striking was his face. It was one of those faces which we sensitively feel do not lie; open, manly, pleasing. No ambitious lines marked the handsome countenance to show the physiognomist that the mighty intellect attended to by the bulk, while brow was ever used for the noblest of purposes. His hair and eyes were dark, and his face somewhat tanned from exposure to the sun and wind; yet it was a face so winning, so expressive, yet so self-reliant and so manly, that the keenest bee of rogue's face, instead of detracting, seemed to lend a charm to its beauty. He sat very loosely upon his steed, with his left foot in the stirrup and his right thrown around the pommel of his saddle. About his waist was a belt, and in it was stuck the usual accoutrements of the ranger of the period, a pair of pistols and a bowie-knife. Revolvers were not then, as now, much in vogue. Across his thigh, held easily by his right hand, rested a long-barreled rifle; one which the connoisseur would at once pronounce a prime article, judging alone from its appearance, for such a man as he would not have changed his opinion had he used it.

The horse the ranger was sitting upon was a fine animal, and its rider—of good size, symmetrically proportioned, with an intelligent look, indicative of the highest grade of mental endowment—was a noble man.

The horseman sat in his careless attitude for a short time, looking out from his concealment, when suddenly his keen eye detected a band of fifteen or twenty horsemen coming out from between two of the sugar-loaf hills, about half a mile from the leading horseman's bearing directly toward the grove of mesquit-bushes where he was sitting. They were coming rapidly—those in front galloping upon the ground at following some trail.

"Comanches," muttered the ranger, grasping his rifle rarely; and then, throwing his leg back from where it rested on the saddle, he replaced his foot in the stirrup, and gathered up the bridle-reins which had been hanging loosely on his horse's neck.

"I must see Killy-Krasky, and warn him that they're out," exclaimed the ranger; and as he spoke he turned his horse and made his way rapidly through the grove of mesquit bushes. When he came out on the other side of the grove he gave a low whistle to his horse, and the noble animal bounded away at a rate of speed rarely surpassed.

The ranger directed his course toward the Rio Frio, and in an incredibly short space of time horse and rider had plunged into its rolling waters. The ranger then set up under him on the waters of his horse; and, notwithstanding the current of the stream, quite rapid, and the horse had to swim some forty yards, he maintained his prerogatives as to his rider, and, as his horse sprang out on the opposite bank, he leaped to the ground, without a drop of water having penetrated to his skin.

Scarcely. He had the hair of an Indian, the eyes of a negro, the nose and mouth of a Caucasian, the build of a Hercules, and the complexion of a Malay, and we may add that his associates, the Mexicans and Indians, claimed that he was endowed with the cleverness and cunning of the devil.

Such was Crazy Killy-Krasky. Where he came from, what his true name was, no one knew, for he was as impenetrable as adamantine rock in regard to his past.

Killy-Krasky. The ranger led his horse into the grassy stall, and then walked back beyond the cliffs, still farther under the ledge, until he came to a small box containing some oats, and, taking ten ears, he gave them to his horse. He then proceeded about fifty yards along under the cliff, until he came to a strange-looking structure, built beneath the overhanging rocks. It was constructed entirely of oak logs that had been so hewn down as to fit closely together. The sides were about fifteen feet apart. The logs were placed one on top of another, and had been cut of unequal length, so as to conform to the natural cavity sloping backward. The bottom logs were about twenty feet in length, while those at the top were not more than five or six, and their ends were spiked to the wall all along, both inside and out, to hold the logs to their places. In front, parallel with the face of the cliff above, and a few feet back from a line perpendicular with it, was a wall of logs connecting the two side walls, which extended to the rocks overhead. This wall was about fifteen feet in height. The rear wall and roof of this strange edifice was of nature's own masonry, the solid rock of the cliff. In front was the only door to the building. It was made of roughly-hewn plank, but was thick and strong, and could be fastened inside, in addition to the wooden catch, by stout oaken bars, both above and below, which fitted into staples made to receive them.

There was one window—if so it may be called—in front, on the right of the door from the side, and two feet high. Near the center of each side wall, and nearly opposite to each other, was a window of the same size. Above each of these windows were heavy slabs, closing downward, by means of stout bars, so that the windows could be effectually secured in a moment when necessary. All around the walls were loopholes, commencing four inches above the floor, and terminating, by means of inclined steps, about four feet above, the latter of which were more than a few inches wide—were stopped by means of thin stones driven in edgewise, and these were cemented to their places with clay. Several feet back from the front wall the rock roof overhead, sloping downward, met the level stone below on which the structure was erected, thus forming the entire rear and front portion of the apartment, some ten feet square extended to the rocks overhead. They were eight feet in length, and the walls rested on, and were secured to, a stone about a foot below the floor. On the beams were nailed some thin boards, forming a kind of loft, or stairs or loft. On one side a saber hung by a belt, and on the opposite side of the walls up here, as below, were loopholes for the purpose of commanding every approach. In the back portion of the structure, and on the left-hand side, as shelving rocks, was a small, dark opening, just large enough to admit of the body of a man. This opening was the entrance to a cave of considerable extent.

The furniture of this half-natural, half-artificial dwelling was of a primitive description. It consisted of two stools and a table, a bunk and a mattress laid on one side, and a rudely constructed box of boards which stood in the rear. In one corner was a large box that served for a locker. In the other corner was some shelving, which seemed for the purpose of holding provisions, and a depository for a slim array of culinary utensils. Near the center was a considerable pile of wood, cut between the cracks of the floor, and, in one place, about four feet wide, of stone, was a fireplace, with a chimney, formed by the rock outside, and extended up to the rocks above, and, when it came to the fourth, stopped within one foot of them, and then turned off at right angles, and thus built away from the walls of the cliff to the outside.

When the ranger entered this apartment he threw off his saddle-bags, which Killy-Krasky and Killy-Krasky were already in the room, and commenced making the finishing touches to a change of his toilet which he had commenced during the very short time which had elapsed since he left the grove. In that time he had made a complete change, and his wet garments were hanging up on a pole over the fireplace. He now had on a pair of buckskin pants, trimmed with a profusion of fringe, and a hunting coat corduroy, that looked almost as stout as a buffalo hide. Leggins were also substituted for the war-pant; so, leaving him in the ranger to "cover," we will glance a little at their antecedents, and see what kind of a character might not fully understand all that follows.

CHAPTER II.

A METAMORPHOSIS.

Twenty-five years before the date of the opening chapter of our story Clement Chenion and his wife lived in the city of New Orleans. They had been married with some fifteen years. In that time the worthy couple had acquired considerable property, but were unblessed by children; and, having no immediate heirs to inspire them with

"Was you not afraid that your smoke would bring them like bees?"

"Did you ever know Killy-Krasky to bring the red devils down on him's tracks? Ef I been he wanted 'em to come?"

The ranger admitted that he never had.

"I knew that they had their game in view ahead, and would not head my way.

"Where do you think they are going, Killy-Krasky?"

"They'll pay the settlements near San Antonio a visit. They were not all Indians: some of the Mexican cut-throats were with 'em."

"Certainly such a small number won't venture near San Antonio."

"This be is not all of 'em by some hundreds."

"You astonish me! You must be mistaken; but how do you know, Killy-Krasky?"

"How do I know when it's going to rain? By certain signs, of course; so do I tell by certain signs that this band we saw is not all—by the way they rode, by the way they looked, and by the sneak slung as they would have done if they had no support near. No, you'll see that Killy-Krasky's not mistaken."

"Well, if that's the case we must not delay," exclaimed the ranger, with a look of anxiety; "we must head them there, Killy-Krasky.

"Yes, we will go to the house and get a bite to eat, and start immediately. Come, Killy-Krasky, let's get a bite," Killy-Krasky to his monkey, as he seized it hurriedly after having picked up his bow, rifle, powder-horn and other accoutrements.

The ranger grasped his master, hopping along after him, while the ranger went up the river to the house. He found him still standing on the spot where he had left him. As the ranger approached he turned and welcomed him with a low whinny that appeared like an interrogation; and as the ranger seemed to take it, for he said: "Ho! Tom, the Indians have gone on; we'll have to overtake them."

He then mounted Tom, and rode through the trees in the direction of the bluff. In about one hundred yards he struck a path, and his horse trotted briskly forward. A somewhat hundred yards more and rider came to the foot of the bluff. The ranger dismounted and led his horse under a ledge of rock that projected out, and a large cedar extending all the way along beneath the overhanging cliff.

Under this natural shelter, concealed by a heavy growth of cedar in front, were two stalls. One of them was empty, and in the other was a horse which recognized the ranger's, in horse fashion, not loudly, but in a cautious manner, as if it well knew that boisterous salutations were not safe.

The horse was also a noble animal, and from his build evidently possessed speed and endurance. He belonged to Killy-Krasky.

"Tom, you're a-goin' to swim the Rio Frio this morning, and I'll ride double ago," said the ranger to his horse, as he took a long draught of water.

As soon as he was satisfied that the animal would be safe from the observation of any one on the other side of the river, he left go the bridle, and spoke as if addressing a human being:

"Stay there, Tom; don't move; I must watch and see if those Indians are coming this way."

Whether the horse understood or not, he obeyed, remaining perfectly stationary, as his master glided away from him. The ranger ensconced himself behind the trunk of a live oak, that stood on the bank, and looked across the river in the direction of the grove of mesquit, but no Indians were there visible; but, farther away to the right of it he discerned them bearing toward the Rio Frio, evidently aiming to strike a ford above the bluff.

"They didn't see me, that's evident," said the ranger, "or some of them would have been coming this way. I must whistle up Killy-Krasky."

He stepped out from behind the tree, and, placing his left hand to his mouth, whistle for Killy-Krasky, when something struck the bank at his feet, causing him to pause. About 150 yards off was a puff of smoke under a log. That the fire producing it was on the concourse would be very preconcedent, but the trees obstructed the view of the bank beneath the smoke.

"That's Killy-Krasky now, I'm sure," said the ranger, as a ball struck the tree he had just left, and then whistled as it was driven on the river. He has one of his rifle balls flip on it, I suppose, and has built the fire to keep away mosquitoes. I will see if I can slip up on him, and surprise him."

The ranger now glided along from tree to tree in the direction of the smoke. He had not obtained a full view of a scene which we will try to picture to the reader. Seated on a sheltered situation near the river was a being of singular appearance. He was about five and a half feet high, rather slight in frame, and would not have weighed over 130 pounds. His head was of a coarse material. His jaws were patched here and there, and were covered by about a week's growth. His face was extremely dark, yet he was not a negro, nor a mulatto. He wore a short, heavy, black beard, but it was not on the straight, as his nose and lips were of a comely shape. His hair was as black as it was possible for it to be, with the exception of some scattering locks which time had bleached. He was bareheaded, his hat lying beside his rifle, a few feet behind a fire, which he had kindled out of some dry sticks. His face was one which the skilled ethnologist might have studied thoroughly without being unskilled to tell to what race he belonged, and doubtless would have ended it by pronouncing him a nondescript. He had the hair of an Indian, the eyes of a negro, the nose and mouth of a Caucasian, the build of a Hercules, and the complexion of a Malay, and we may add that his associates, the Mexicans and Indians, claimed that he was endowed with the cleverness and cunning of the devil.

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world's fair that to suffice them during their earthly pilgrimage, each half smiled at least, they purchased a neat, little, residence in the suburbs of the city, and retired from the turmoil of business and today walked together in company on its downward slope of life as pleasantly as each other's presence. Rich, to or they would, in the midst of each that each, to the other could not fail. A child was wanting to perpetuate their name and memory on earth. Upon withdrawing from the excitement attendant upon a business life this want was more sensibly felt.

Louis and his worthy dame concluded that they would do what many others had like circumstances had done...select some child of tender years, destitute of parents and, near it as their own, and never let it know that they were not its parents in reality. This laudable resolution was somewhat difficult to put in practice. Children they could find to adopt, plenty of them, but they were somewhat hard to please. Two months passed, and still they were childless, when, one night, just what they desired was placed in their way. On the doorstep, one morning, was found a beautiful infant in a softly-lined willow basket of a healthy and beautiful male child, less than a year old.

As Louis Chenion picked up the infant and looked at it with surprise, not unmingled with satisfaction, about one hundred yards distant, standing by a gate in the fence, two dark eyes, set in a darkbrown face, were watching all the movements with intense interest. Those eyes and that face belonged to a strange being whom we have presented to the reader by the name of Killy-Kraky, who then exhibited, as fully as the fiendishness of his nature would permit, a prominent feature characteristic of each of the five great primary races of mankind.

Louis Chenion found in the basket with the child a note addressed to him, by itself in a neat, legible hand, which read as follows:

"Mr. Cavanor: The infant herewith inclosed, I feel assured, will, with its parentage is good, and, if it has smoked or evil ways, they are not learned by heritage, but from training. No one will ever claim it, so you can call it your own. Do a parent's part by it, and all is well. If you do not, I will be friend. I will always watch over it, and, if it should ever need a friend other than you, I am he. If you want to adopt the infant, replace the basket at the door to-night. If not, I will call on your own hand, signed by yourself and with reading them if you will. On this 12th day of April, 1817, of the Unknown can to whom I am writing, I am given, a male infant, aged 6 months and 3 days; with dark hair and a few teeth; moles on the right arm just below the elbow, and one on the left side of the neck above the hip, which infant we have taken to-night with a view to our own end, furthermore, promising to use every endeavor to keep said infant, as it grows up, to manhood and citizenship under the impression that we are its parents. Should you not want the child, you will please notify us of the fact by placing the basket and its contents at the door to-night, as you found it, and I will again take charge of it.

"UNKNOWN."

Louis Chenion and his wife, Marceline Chenion, gifted their signatures to the paper, placed it in the basket on the outside the door, and the next morning the basket was gone, and the infant was theirs.

The years passed on. The infant was named Clement Chenion. The foster parents reared the boy with great care, and took great pains to educate him, and, above all, learned to love him as well as if he had not been the child of others than themselves.

The boy proved to be all their hearts could desire—handsome, generous, truthful, and affectionate. He was not the least doubt, even when he arrived at manhood, but what Louis and Marceline Chenion were his true parents.

The day that saw Clement Chenion 21 years of age found him bereft of both foster-parents. They died within a few days of each other of that scourge of a Southern climate—yellow fever. Clement mourned for them as a loving and brotherly child would mourn his parents. About one year after their death he found himself in a very trying situation, with that strange individual whom we have called Killy-Kraky. Chenion was engaged with some companions on Lake Pontchartrain, when suddenly a boat, in which he was capsized the boat. Clement himself could easily have saved his life alone, but he would not desert one of his companions, who could not swim. In the desperate struggles necessary to keep both afloat he became separated, and both were sinking, when Killy-Kraky—he, also, engaged in the unperilous situation, had set out from the shore—reached them with a boat, and by the aid of which, and his assistance, they were saved. No sooner had they reached him Killy-Kraky, not waiting for reward or thanks, turned away.

On several other occasions in the next two years, when in trouble or danger, Killy-Kraky suddenly appeared to assist or relieve Clement; and, as soon as his services were ended, departed again without giving the young man a chance even to inquire his name or to thank him.

Clement wondered much at the repeated interference of this strange stranger in his behalf, being unable to account for his mysterious guardianship, which extended even to his business relations.

He had at one time about half his possessions deposited in one of the city banks. One evening Killy-Kraky stopped him on his way to his boarding house, and said:

"Clement Chenion, you have much money in the Citizens' Bank; that bank will fail to-morrow. Go back to the city this evening and withdraw your deposits before the bank closes, or you will be too late. Take my advice. I speak for your good. Take Pontchartrain road now from robbers and assassins—you can safely travel."

Having so spoken, Killy-Kraky turned on his heel and walked rapidly away. Clement called for him to return, but he heeded not his request.

Notwithstanding the mystery attached to Killy-Kraky, who felt quite sure of the warning Clement did not neglect to act upon it. He withdrew his deposits, and, were enough, on the next day the bank failed, and large numbers were loosed by ruin.

Three years after the death of his opposed parents, Clement Chenion fell in love with a beautiful and intelligent girl, who, in a short time after he met with her, renewed with her parents to New Sun Antonio, Texas. Clement had an opportunity of declaring his love to her before he knew that she was peculiar to do so. He was well satisfied in regard to his own state of mind, but was very doubtful as to hers, so he hesitated at their last meeting to make his avowal. Rosa Lockland, however, went away to the Lone Star State ignorant of the love of her friend.

But Clement Chenion did not rest contented after her departure, and endeavor to console himself by searching out another love, as others under similar might have done. He, too, set out for Texas. This necessitated another departure. Killy-Kraky followed closely after Clement did not propose to lose sight of him. He was somewhat timid in love affairs, and his great love for her made him afraid to leave above all things, on that he almost lost confidence in his own judgment. He was afraid that his plan was to be near her—to watch over and protect her from danger—and he had thought a suitable time had elapsed to call on her, and begin his wooing.

But at the time when we introduced Clement to our readers he was on the first chapter, nearly a year had elapsed, and he had not yet called on the lovely Rosa. His love had not grown less, but he was constantly seeking and producing the frontier, and, more than all, watching so as to be enabled to ward off any danger that might threaten the heroine's twelve miles west of San Antonio, the home of Rosa Lockland.

About three months after Clement's arrival in Texas there occurred one of very bloody and dangerous skirmish with some Mexican guerillas. Both rangers, besides himself, were fighting in an open prairie with fifteen Mexicans in number, when, suddenly, half-a-dozen rangers reinforced them, having quickly load the strange being called Killy-Kraky. This turned the tide of the fight. The Mexicans were defeated and fled, leaving nearly a third of their number on the ground.

As soon as possible after the fight, Clement approached Killy-Kraky, and, extending his hand, said, with deep emotion:

"Stranger, I owe you my life. I am under obligations to you which I can never repay. If there is anything I can do for you, say so, and I will do it."

Killy-Kraky interrupted him, saying:

"Ride apart with me; I would talk a moment with you."

Clement complied, and Killy-Kraky continued:

"I am a poor, God-forsaken creature, with no one to care for me, and I am close to ten years age, hence my interest in you. I have followed you in Texas. I will lay down my life freely at any time for your sake. You have much to live for; you—living near you. You design, I believe, to remain for a time on or near on the border. I know an excellent location, and will point it out to you, and, furthermore, will assist you to build a home on it. Will you accept?"

In that brief space of time, ought did not escape Clement's notice that he and wrong he had experienced as a friend of Killy-Kraky.

Half stupefied, the detected criminal turned pale, looked by the attendant which this singular being had formed for him in various ways, and would have questioned him, but Killy-Kraky stopped him with a wave of the hand and a shake of the head.

"No, you must not question me; who, or what I am, or where I came from. Understanding that you must you to quire info. That must be our agreement if we remain together. You must call me Killy-Kraky.

"That name is so peculiar that it will be remembered."

He then ceased speaking, and, although Clement addressed him several times, he received no reply. The stranger being seemed to be in a kind of trance. He stood with his eyes closed and head. He remained thus for several minutes, then suddenly opened his eyes and fixed her on his horse, gave a bound in the air, turned a somersault, and, alighting upon the smooth prairie, commenced a dance that would have astonished the tame of Killy-Kraky. Our hero looked on in astonishment.

"What is the matter with him?" asked he of one of the rangers who accompanied him.

Only one of his spells. We call he Crazy Killy-Kraky; but, by blood, he's sharper, nor all of us. I'd rather be companions, who could not be best o' the rangers in Texas when it comes to a scrimmage."

Killy-Kraky soon ceased his peculiar dance, and, bounding on his horse once more, rode up by the side of Clement.

"You must go to San Antonio, and stay during you sever see me do. I am a little queer sometimes, perhaps; you will be placing his hand on his head. "but I don't bite. There is Jack, a ranger, who

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BURNED at the stake—The fingers of the hired girl who was cooking it.

Through the Fire.

An Exciting Story of Love, Jealousy and Crime.

BY H. THATCHER HOWARD,
Author of "Secret Service," "Dick Darrell," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RESCUE.

There was a tumult at the door. Voices were heard and a heavy body burst against it open, followed by a rush of feet. Then a voice was heard to say:

"A fearful deed has been committed," said the voice, which Calvert recognized as Lawyer ——.

The happy trio in the drawing-room had been the first to hear the death chamber, little thinking that their scene of reconciliation and joy was soon to be ended in a dreadful tragedy.

"There must have been another in a clear, calm tone. "I am a doctor. Let him on directly. I will examine his injuries, though I fear there is no hope."

"Oh, Doctor Selden, do not say grandfather is dead!" pleaded the great heiress; and Calvert noticed that her teeth with rage, as he remembered that he would not be recognized to Antony, and lost to him forever.

"Then Clement commanded

THE CHICAGO LEDGER.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

No Nonsense About Her.

BY M. G. MCCLELLAN.

That pastel at a country fair?
It was a nature painter might,
They had not artists there enough
To know its nature and delight.

Those pictures, sonnet and catalogue,
They were not for such as she;
It would be nonsense to her mind
To see nature painted, or read poetry.

He studied her as he sat with wife and child,
He had not a sense of humor,
And so he wished he could know
If he thought he was there, every hour?
My wife thinks I'm a fool, I'll be bound,
But still I know that you understand—
No nonsense about her, she said.

It may have pleased your stilted heart,
Your artificial ways and tame love-vow,
But still I know that you understand—
No nonsense about her, she said.

I'll say this to your single wife friend,
That I am not a fool, I'll be bound,
But you understand—no nonsense about her, she said.

You know my little ear for song,
You know I can't sing a note wrong,
You said my thought of nature was wrong,
Your thoughts of me, most like, were few,
And I wish I had never met you, I said,
And I regret to say it—no nonsense, sir, she said.

You can't be a friend of the working man,
And yet an angel of his help—
A friend to your self-made brother,
And you will think that an angel,
You know all about nature, I said,
And I'm sorry to say it—no nonsense about her, she said.

S. F. Wells.

Some Men's Wives.

"I tell you what it is," said one of a small coterie of wealthy men who had met in the office of one of their number, "they may say what they please about the sameness of modern dress, but my wife has done her share in securing our richness in life. Everybody knows that her family was aristocratic, and extravagant, all that, and when I married her she had never done a day's work in her life; when Mr. Webster died I said I had to commence at the foot of the hill again, she discharged the servants and cross out a neat little cottage, and did her own housekeeping until I was better off again."

"And my wife," said a second, "has an only daughter, caressed and petted to death; and well-to-do you see. Well, if he will marry a doll like that, he'll get the greatest mistake of his life;" but when I came home the first night after the marriage she met me with the fervor, she nursed me back to health, and I never knew what real love was before. I thought we could afford any luxury on earth, and I married her."

"Well, gentlemen," chimed in a third, "I married a poor girl, healthy, pretty, and she was a regular blue stocking. She played, sang, dined on Byron, read Emerson, and named the first baby Ralph Waldo, and the second Maud; but I tell you what 'tis," and the speaker's eyes grew strangely misty, "when I see my little Maud in her last bed at Auburn, beside her mother's monument, under the shadow of that stately mother's care, and the little dresses that still lie in the bureau drawer, all made by her own hands."—*Journal of Commerce.*

A Woman's Wedding Ring.

Happy Hollow is so named from the contentment of most of the inhabitants. The poor make it their own peculiar locality and cordially welcome. Half way up the valley we sit down to rest by the door of a female who was full of grace, showing with colored people, principally children. A white woman, a new inhabitant, joined white woman in the words, and on a log and candlebox, in conversation. "Did she live in that house with the colored people?" "Why law, no; me and my husband live in that house; the colored people live in a little little pen that I actually thought was a dog house; but when I got inside I see it was "contented." She did not appear disagreeably over either in manner or conversation, but is evidently an illustration of "selfishness" as a virtue for any one. On the third finger of her left hand a plain gold ring glistened. Looking at this woman in her squalor I found a sad companion pointing up for her in my heart at sight of the ring. She had never been poor enough to part with that. No woman who wears a gold ring is ever utterly lonely and bad in feeling, and no woman ever parts with the gold ring she owns. It gathers and marks some era in her life that she wants to keep fresh in her memory. It is a silence which it was designed to secure. He who had it for woman's path well covered with thorns. Sorrow, disappointment and trouble throughout life and worn in the pathway, and then when dug up the coarse, bright metal is as of Happy Hollow will be found. It has been buried, and though her clothes will be mean and untidy, the gold ring will be worn to glisten on her hand.

Daniel Webster's Widow.

A dainty little cap with white and fleecy ribbon, worn by a white-haired woman, caught the eye of a reporter yesterday, as he was passing the broad portion of the New York pavement in front of the Astor House. Something in the face beneath the cap and surmounted by the snowy ribbons of hair and the graceful expressionless cast of features. Tenderness not wanting and yet advanced age, yet a graceful form, slightly above the medium height, made the possessor look stately in her old age.

"Who is that queenly person?" was asked of a gardener working near by.

"Mrs. Webster, sir, the widow of Daniel Webster."

The widow of Webster! Seated alone, at the age of 75, within sight and sound of the great, stirring metropolis, a link between the present and the past of the historic past.

Can you oblige me with an introduction, sir?" asked the reporter of Mr. William Lovejoy, who at that moment appeared on the ground.

"With great pleasure. Mrs. Webster is my aunt's sister," returned the precise, "Shall," he added, "I was afraid the common manner much. Her second footsteps are so impaired that she is hardly cognizant of her surroundings, while the past is a total blank."

The reporter was presented to the lady, who received him with courtesy grace. Chairs were provided on the elegant Brian piazza, and a pleasant half hour was spent in conversation.

"I am so glad you have come," was Mrs. Webster's first remark. "I love you always flowers. Are they not pretty? Miss Woodbridge has been a faithful little plane, too; the prospect from my window would be lonely were this if there were not so many flowers."

"Do you read much now, Mrs. Webster?" queried the reporter.

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The question was reiterated by Mr. Lovejoy, who at the same time picked up a newspaper from the floor. Then a look of intelligence lighted up the pencilled face as she exclaimed, "Oh, yes; I read it through nearly every day."

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An Intermediate Husband.

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"Oh, what do you mean to insinuate?" uttered the poor girl. "Do you think I ever wear such a thing?" A roar oreel of you to speak.

"It is certainly your portrait," added the other lady.

By this time one or two bystanders had drawn up to the window, and seeing the likeness were nudging each other.

"It is some coincidence—of course it cannot be meant for me.

"You had better take a cab and go home and tell your father about it," said the first lady, "and if he is a man of spirit of faith, he seemed the whole make."

In a half-dazed state of mind the young lady walked down Regent street and told her father of what had happened. To get back to the shop to have the photograph cut of the window, to declare that it was a mistake, that there was not the work of many minutes for the enraged father. But though it may be easy enough to demand an explanation, it was no easy matter to get one. Numerous calls upon the servants in the house, one or whom might easily have abstracted a photo out of a package of them was found to be missing, and on unlocked drawer of the young lady's dressing table. Of course it is a "cocked" picture; only the head and neck of the daughter, lady's photograph, the rest that of some one else, and together the picture represents one of the most beautiful women in the world, and the most ugly. The matter has caused so much indignation and so much comment that it is not impossible that it may check the mania now so prevalent among ladies of exposing or getting themselves photographed for sale at a shilling a piece or so.—*London Letter.*

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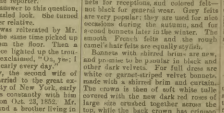
A VERY CURIOUS RAILROAD.

The First Bogus in America and Totally Alone, the Best Novel in America.

Hannibal, Va., Thursday, 1 P. M.

From Hannibalville to Carbondale is seventy miles. From Carbondale to Chicago is sixteen miles. This curious bit of information naturally pursues the inquiring traveler who has occasion to take the Chicago and Hudson cars at this place to make the trip between the two cities in the least time. Another thing puzzles him still more. The car he enters is elegantly furnished, but is less than half the size of an ordinary railroad car. It moves on three wheels, one in front, a few yards and stops. The traveler looks around him, the narrow track leading directly up the side of a hill at this angle:



The top of the hill is about an eighth of a mile away. There is no locomotive visible to be seen. A wire like a telegraph wire, supported on posts, extends to the top of the hill, and then out of sight. A brakeman stands on the front platform of the car and slips a big iron hook on a sling attached to the car. He then pulls a heavy workman sitting hold of the end of the wire and gives it a jerk. The car begins to move, slowly at first, and it soon rushing up the hill at the rate of a mile in a minute. There is no visible motive power. There is no engine at the top of the hill does the work. An endless wire is moved up the track by a device under the engine house, and extends over the hill, returning to the starting point on the other side of the hill. The car is fastened to the wire by a device which is reached right of these plates shaped like a V, and the car is thus hauled up the hill. The car is attached. The wire gives the engineer the signal when to stop, and the car comes to a halt on the platform. The passengers are reversible, like a street car, and when the car has reached the top or bend of the plane there is a corresponding car on the other end. Then the brakeman, or conductor, detaches the car by a device so simple that experience alone can perfect, and the car descends the hill by the force of its own running in descending grade. Then the brakeman hooks on and the car

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1878.

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To every subscriber who renews his subscription for one year by sending us $1.50, or for eighteen months by sending us $2.00, before the first day of January, 1879, we will send, postage paid, a neatly-bound copy of that useful book known as "The Farmer's Friend."

This volume is now used by thousands of farmers, mechanics and business men, who speak in the highest terms of its *practical utility and convenience.* Its wonderful simplicity enables any person to illiterate to calculate with absolute accuracy and speed; while its *original* and *rapid* methods delight and benefit the most scholarly. Its *entirely new system of tables* shows, at a glance, the correct value of all kinds of grain, stock, hay, coal, lumber and merchandise, of any quantity and at any price; the interest on any sum, for any length of time at any rate per cent.; measurement of lumber, logs, cisterns, granaries, wagon-beds, corn-cribs; wages for hours, days, weeks and months, etc. It is, in short, one of the most useful books ever printed. It is well and neatly gotten up, in pocket-book shape, and is accompanied by a silicate slate, diary and pocket for papers. The usual selling price of this volume is $1.00. No one should miss the opportunity of obtaining it in connection with The Ledger on the way mentioned above.

THE LEDGER,
Chicago, Ill.

THE COWARDICE OF SUICIDE.

Almost daily the papers spread before the community the details of some new case of suicide. The interesting traits of the deceased's character are dwelt upon, and the sympathies of the reader enlisted, until he gets in his mind a confused association of agreeable qualities mingled with that peculiar mode of death.

It is a matter of very grave doubt whether it is possible to get a correct idea of suicide in such a manner as not to increase the number of suicides. When a story of self-destruction in some peculiar way is printed it is almost always followed by another similar case within a short time. There are many evidences going to show that dwelling upon suicide has a tendency to cause persons to self-destruction. Where a garrison was stationed at one time, in Europe, a soldier hanged himself to one post in the yard. Within a few months eleven men had hanged themselves to that particular post. The post was removed, and there was not another suicide.

But it is probably practically impossible to shield the custom of publishing suicides, with full particulars. And it would be hard if a man's virtuous courage be extolled because he killed his own hand. But we do think it would exercise a salutary influence if the press were always to characterize suicide itself, by whomsoever committed, as an act of cowardice. For such it is. A man who quails before the ordinary circumstances of life—the buffetings of fortune—is a coward.

The virtues of a suicide should be summed up with the conclusion, severe but just, that at last, by one crowning act, he wrote coward over his numerous coward for his epitaph.

COMPULSORY TRAVELERS.

Dr. Schweinfurth, gravely discussing the question whether a white man—strong in that character—if he should meet African tribes suppose him to possess—could pass above safely to the West coast, decides it in the affirmative, "if the traveler were not too fat;" for fatness, whether in back or white, makes all ensemble tribes lick their lips, and rub their abdomens, like that well-known New Caledonian chief who, being asked if he had seen a corpulent Australian colonist, named Boyd, who had been wrecked on his coast, said nothing but "Mass Boyd, him berry fat man," significantly patting at the same time that cavity of his person into which the unhappy colonist had descended.

THE LITERARY WEST.
BY HALLET H. HEWITT.

Having recently had occasion to correspond very extensively with Western literary people, I have found out the rather curious fact that fully seventenths of the writers of the day, and the contributors to the *Eastern* literary papers and publications, were born and raised or at present live west of the Mississippi river, while nearly all the rest live in Illinois and Michigan.

But in this article I can only mention a few of these writers, and show to what extent literature is cultivated and represented in the West—Iowa and Missouri especially. Many of the greatest writers of America were born, educated and made famous in the West, who, as soon as they began to reach the highest rounds of the ladder of fame, have been tempted by the high offers of Eastern publishers to forsake the West and sell their work to them, and to settle themselves in the East. The rugged West developed their talents and made them famous, but now the East claims them as their forte and writers, and monopolizes their works. Among these are Joaquin Miller, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and many others nearly as famous.

Joaquin Miller and Bret Harte were nurtured and developed in California, and the world knows their history well. It shall not mention them: but Mark Twain, I believe, was born and raised in Iowa". When he was a young man he learned the trade of printer in Muscatine, Iowa, and owned a number of years in Muscatine and was, for a long time, connected with a paper there. I have often talked with printers and others who well knew him well in Muscatine, and I will only write what they told me of him, for that is all I know. Like all printers he was a great hand to get on a "jamboree," and, as my informant expressed it; "when he got on a tear all Muscatine was sure to know it;" for he was the greatest fellow to set the town will ever heard of. He was always full of fun and real jokes, not only upon individuals but upon the whole town, and was famous for the facility of every description. He was the terror of the place, and the citizens actually resided to go before the justice of the peace every week or so, to be in store for them in the morning, or else small gouds would be played upon them in the night. He would get everything his token upon a large scale, and

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in a format of excitement all the time.

He would drive people into an excitement by a rapidly-circulated report of the death of some prominent person; the terrible accident in a dozen parts of the town at the same time; by a steamboat collision or explosion in the river, and by anything else he might happen to think of that would create a sensation or make sport. He would have the whole town aroused at midnight by a false alarm of fire, and would always manage to get the fire companies into a race and foul.

If he knew of a young man who had been forbidden to visit another man's house, and who was consequently pining for the father on the street that he had just seen "young so-and-so" drive rapidly by with a carriage, and when the "young man," half crazed by the idea of a possible elopement, would wildly dash after the retreating buggy, throwing mud, and cast aside in the chase, he would quietly and quickly tell a dozen that "that wild fellow running up the street" was an escaped lunatic, and would have a crowd chasing him instantly. If they caught him, the old fellow, wild at the thought of delay, would fight to get away from the "maniacs," "desperadoes," etc., which would fully show his captors that he was crazy. While this was going on, Sam would spread the report that there was an "awful big fight" in progress up on the corner of such a street, and have crowds running down in no time, when the "rough," seeing one man apparently struggling with twenty, would think it not fair play, and would pitch in to "back up the old cock," and —then there would be a big row. And so Clemens would keep it up, day after day, until it would get wind that the whole thing was only one of Clemens' big jokes. The town was never dull while he was in it, and yet he was so sly and quiet that no one would ever suspect him of forcing mischief.

He was generally considered at that time as a disorderly, roaming sort of a fellow, who would sooner or later go to the gutter. He is of a very humorous and witty character, and I am told he was seen by the joke he played on the preacher in "A Literary Nightmare," by repeating the "home-our rhymes" to him, that he has not yet lost his love for practical joking. I consider his most enjoyable works "Innocents Abroad" and "Roughing It." From these works it a person that, like a great many other writers, he has knocked about all over the world, and has been, by turns, almost everything, from the owner of a million-dollar silver mine to a Mississippi steamboat pilot. He is at present one of the greatest American humorists, and to become thoroughly acquainted with the man one only needs to read his works. Every one I suppose knows the origin of his nom de plume; by hearing the lead-line man on a steamboat, while taking the depth of the water, sing out "mark twain" (three feet deep). He resides at near Philadelphia, in a house which is described as being fully as eccentric as himself, seeming to be all windows. Nothing like plenty of light on the subject," he says.

PRESS ON.
BY J. S. MUDGE.

"Press on," were the words uttered by one of Texas' greatest statesmen and warriors; and, by applying this sentence to actual operation, he was following the power of Richard. What misfortune clouded his life the darkest his great brain would utter unto mankind the encouraging words of life to keep on the permanent as the rocks of ages, and the ever-changing waves of time. Through every conflict of life, through the most on the verge of being blotted out of existence, through the most extreme of when poverty held sway over on the fast government—one that had nobly and manfully in appearances, whereas it savages; when sickness was a constant visitor at the door of each hamlet. Pressing on through the world, he was upheld forth from the lips of one—a beloved by all who knew him, they had their guardian angel, watching over him, and by one sturdy stroke for freedom, that land of united Americans, that he could be counted as one of the most illustrious of the world, and women, but more especially those brave, noble, and daring "Daughters of the Lone Star State," who, in the days of Texas' struggle for liberty, carried deep in their hearts those golden words, "Press on." Heroes and heroines of every shade and creed their brains with fear of starvation, if government revenues was stopped, and fears were entertained that the Government would become bankrupt, and by anything else he might happen to think of that would create a sensation or make sport. He would have the whole town aroused at midnight by a false alarm of fire, and would always manage to get the fire companies into a race and foul.

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FINGER NAILS.

CHARACTER AS INDICATED BY THEM.

Hardly any personal peculiarity is more noticeable, or more indicative of character, than the finger nails. There are some who believe that palmistry, or reading the character from the hand, is not so reduced to a science, and such as phrenology. If so, it would necessarily be an obscure science to the majority of people, but the signs of character indicated by the finger nails may be read by all who will study them.

In the first place, the shape of the nails is very significant. The slender, tapering nail of a waxy-pink hue, with a full-like, transparent edge, is always the accompaniment of a refined nature. Round, stubby nails, of a yellowish color, by proper attention and care, but appliance is a well-hand and well-cared-for nails under the addition of a little of a is borax and really-fine toilet set. A well-brushed and well-cared-for nails of sounds them is well pushed or rolled back, displaying generally a delicate little crescent at the base of the nail, as the finger should never be allowed to grow upon the nail. In paring and shaping the nails, a steel instrument may be as long as oval as possible. To get a nail square off gives a finger and a stubby look. The nails should be carefully and closely cut, and the center left rather long, so as to give the finger tips a full appearance. In shaping the nails the knife should be used from the inner substance of the nail, as this renders the edge smooth and sightly in appearance, whereas if cut to transgression it leaves a ragged edge, capable of a high degree of pointed, rubbing with the towel when drying the hands.

The habit of biting the nails is one against which children should be carefully watched. It is injurious to the very structure of the nail, and once acquired is one of the most difficult habits to break. The habit is common to the young men and women, but more especially to those who have a habit of biting their nails when reading or studying, as the two things are perfectly unconscious. Not a few children have a habit of biting their nails, and whose nails are almost a deformity as a result of this habit.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE.
A BOY'S RIDE WITH A PANTHER.

A lumberman living in Ulster county, N. Y., had a son, named Elias, 11 years old, who was very fond of hunting, and used frequently drove six miles with a load of timber from the mountains to Hudson river ship-yard.

One day, when he had left his load, and was preparing to start, a panther sprang on him some went off on a carouse, and he waited for them until it was nearly dark, when he started for home with the horses, being well rested, trotted along briskly toward home. Elias whistled as loud as he could, because it helped him to think he could do to keep from feeling cowardly.

On they went until five miles of the road was passed, when, on reaching a big hill, a gradual slope, three-quarters of a mile from base to summit. Just as they reached the top of the hill, on the backing of the bushes at the side of the road, Elias heard a loud scream that made his heart jump into his throat, and a large panther sprang into the road, and alighted on the rear of the wagon. The boy was almost speechless with fright, sitting there, expecting every moment to be torn to pieces by the panther.

The animal sat on the wagon, which the horses emptied down the other side of timber, until half-way up the hill; then, with a louder scream than before, it sprang over the horses' heads and disappeared. I expect his ride was the hardest shaking up that Mr. Panther ever had.

"I wonder what does make 'Lias stay so late?" said our mother, going again and again to the door and began to grow dark and he did not come.

At last we heard the wagon on the road. It made a loud noise.

"Oh! what is the matter? It must be 'Lias, and the horses are running away."

My father ran out to the road, and succeeded with some difficulty in stopping and quieting the horses: but what was the matter with the boy on the wagon? He sat still and pale, holding the lines loosely in his fingers.

"'Lias, do speak and tell us what has happened," said mother, anxiously.

Still he did not move. They took the lines from his fingers and lifted him down, and at last, after rubbing and working with him for some time, he could speak. Then he told us what had happened.

ON A COLORADO CATTLE RANCH.
BY E. H.

My first visit to a Colorado stock ranch brought me acquainted with a dozen boosh, sparred and bronzed men who wore flannel shirts, wide hats and no collars. They were riding over the country, showing a rich Englishman "the sores." My host had one of the finest ranch houses in Colorado, and they had brought the gentleman down from Rabbit Ear ranch to call. My first knowledge of the approach was a whirr, a sweep of horsemen brushing the window frame, although the hook made no noise on the soft turf, and then a loud whoop at the door. To this I had recently from the land of gates and door bells, this sauce was singular. The visitors did not dismount, but dropped their reins, leaned from their saddles, and talked to the host, who had at the whoop made for the porch, the while their wild-eyed ponies stood, with heads thrust into the roofed gallery. The broken sentences I had to put on my contained expressions syllables—cow-horses, cow-boys, cow-punchers, mavericks, carry-yards, round-ups, cutting-out, brands, and outfit. The visit lasted an hour or more. Refreshments and cigars being indulged in, "with the wings" on one of them, with chrupt good-day, the cavalcade took pell-mell away, across the breadth of wild flowers and brown grass that spread on every hand as far as the eye could reach.

There were no fences about the house; its pazzas faced the mountains three miles away, miles away, and some leaned against the brands as though the dwelling were a big thistle in the land. Inside the hall had not been disturbed; there were no trees, no cow-bushes, no grading—none of the litter and efforts of a new home at home. Neat and complete as a pasteboard box. Alone in the vast prairies thirty miles from any other dwelling. The big herds of the owner were feeding within sight. They, with the horses and mules, were out on the range. After the round-up in the autumn, the best of the herd are driven across the mountains to Denver, and sold, principally to the butchers, who there handle the cattle. Many of the horses and mules

The Chicago Ledger.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1878.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

AN order has been promulgated by the Navy Department changing the style of uniform of naval officers. The naval cap gives place to the cocked hat.

THE National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will have representatives at Washington, this winter, to endeavor to secure the passage of laws giving severe penalties for cruelty to animals in transit.

THE President has appointed Capt. William B. Thompson, of Michigan, as General Superintendent of the Railroad Mail Service, in place of Mr. Vail, whose resignation has been in the hands of the Postmaster General for a month.

AFTER a notable trial, Dr. Jacob Bentum has been found guilty, in the Supreme Court of Grand Rapids, Mich., of manslaughter, brought to him by criminal surgery. The charge was the first ever carried to a verdict of conviction in that region.

A BOUNDARY question threatens to disturb the relations of Turkey and Persia. The latter, under Russian instigation, demands the surrender of a border district now held by the Turks, and has sent troops to the frontier to enforce the demand.

THE Government has had to pay $74,000 for the transportation of troops on those railroads which called for protection during the strikes of the summer of 1877. The Attorney-General decided that the United States is bound to furnish troops on a constitutional call of the Governor of a State, and that this must be done at the expense of the General Government, and not of the State or citizens whose property is threatened with destruction.

THERE is a very wealthy family who live a few miles out of Boston, who have rather nothing but fruit and vegetables for years, to have not a servant in the great mansion they live in, a woman coming in to do the heavy work. The family consists of three persons only, father, mother and one daughter of about 10 years, who is literally brought up in a cage, her play-ground study and nursery all being at the top of the house, where walls and roof are of glass, the constant sun-bath being considered necessary to the child's physical and moral health and well-being. The mother, formerly a normal-school teacher and a great student, is the child's teacher, with the exception of her daily airing in the handsome grounds of the place, the little girl never goes out, and rarely does she ever see another child.

THE arrival in the Dominion of the Marquis of Lorne and his royal wife brings to mind the fact that the Queen admitted the Marquis within the circle of her own family as a suitor for the hand of the Princess Louise, and made an innovation upon a courtly custom which required an alliance for her children with some royal house outside of her own country. The lady had the courage to accept the suit and take a husband from among her own people, and her royal mother felt free to uphold her daughter's choice. Parliament did not object, and at the wedding the bride was given away by the Queen herself, who, after the ceremony, kissed her daughter with a matronly warmth of affection which was accepted by all present as unmistakable proof of her great gratification which the union effected her Majesty.

THE Capitol at Washington is to be lighted by electricity. The invention is that of Mr. Rogers, electrician of the building. Our readers will remember that the Hall of Representatives, and re-place 1,200 gas-jets. The Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald* says: "The cost of the new light will be about the same as the present gas-lighting. Mr. Rogers' machine has been fully tested and found satisfactory. Its principal features are the placing of two long, slender carbon points inside small tubes, converging at an angle of about forty-five degrees on the negative and two on the positive pole, of course opposite to each other. A constant distance between them is maintained by a gearing of weights and pulleys, while the contact of the separate points in each set during the combustion prevents the formation of the concave 'cup' on the positive and the sharpening on the negative pole, thus insuring a steady non-flickering, even light of any duration that is desired."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A GENTLEMAN in New Orleans was agreeably surprised to find a plump turkey served up for his dinner, and inquired of his servant how it was obtained. "Why, sir," replied Sambo, "dat turkey has been roosting on our fence tree nights, so dis morning I seine him for de rest of de fence."

A SONNET.—BRYANT.

Like to some hill, remote from sun or cheer,
Whereon the snow of fourscore winters lies,
Stands among the peaks of his time
His stately form, unbowed, and still and good
Till the benedictory of his fruitful years,
And, then, at length, in peace, amid the snow-clad
Lies down to pleasant dreams.

And lofty summits in the world of thought,
We know the language that the valley speaks;
And oft, when some rare flower of lowly height,
Its sacred fragrance has accumulated and come
Down with a placid smile of sweet assent
To pluck the flower from its lowly home
And bind it tender in his rapaed shroud.
Deep was his wisdom, fresh the songs he sung,
And with him tongue-tied nature found her tongue.
WILSON, A. COLDSMITH.

FATTARINE was a disciple of Pythagoras in regard to food. He says: "You asked me for what reason Pythagoras abstained from eating the flesh of beasts; for my part, I am astonished to find what appetite first induced man to taste of a dead carcass, or what motive could suggest the notion of nourishing himself with the loathsome flesh of dead animals."

BRIGHT STARS ARE FALLING.

Keen toil with ceaseless sorrows,
Hath wrought the spirit pain;
Life was short and hope was pleasure,
Though the stars were here below asthine.

Could deep, to rob the builders
Of sublime's stately element,
Quench the star of hope that wanders
Love fix better as it mourns?

Reality dash the mighty breakers
Against the Pall for of the soul,
But the First returns as a friend
Where the heaven is farthest distant.

To an Ocean of sunrise,
Who have sailed away from earth,
Leaving wreck the life of friends
Noble deeds, extreme worth.

Floating, lating are lives shadows,
Through the narrow hours or night,
Until where shores the Silvery,
Lies the Haven of the light.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

THE power of reproduction in insects is one of the most wonderful parts of their economy. On beheading a bug, they will sometimes, in certain circumstances, will grow again; so will the feet of a salamander and the claws of lobsters. The end of a worm split produces two perfect heads, and if cut into three pieces the middle reproduces a perfect head and tail.

MY BABY.

Who sings his little hands and crows,
And wakes me from my morning doze
By pulling very hard my nose?
My baby.

Who beams as brightly as the sun,
He has no quarrels, full of fun,
With weather at what he has done?
My baby.

Who makes me thankful for his birth,
It is in joyous to my hearth,
To be the place with mirth?
My baby.

Who, when my heart is very sad,
And with despair I'm almost mad,
Can cheer me and make me glad?
My baby.

Who makes my dreams so very bright,
And fills each vision in my sight,
And fills from off my soul the blight?
My baby.

Who do I call my precious dove,
The star of our fireside home above,
Whom I will guard the most I love?
My baby.

ST. LOUIS, MO. E. K.

NEWSPAPERS are little things, but they are sources of large streams: a baby is a little thing, but we know its use and value—milk and pap are little things, but they hold the paste of a large building together; a word, a look, a smile, a frown, are all little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things.

LITTLE BENNIE HARLEY.

Little Bennie, darling boy!
Mamma's pride and mamma's joy!
Sweet as apple, fit as cherub bright,
Home through the house from morn to night.

Little sugar, with teethine fond;
Little rogue, with eyes of blue;
Little cherub,
His sparkling eyes are full of joy;
Our Bennie is a happy boy!

Little heart, so free from care;
Little form, so sound and fair;
His mind is pure, without alloy;
Our Bennie is a noble boy!

His playthings to confession tie
To study a spell, to use to try
The lovely Kindness in other manner;
Then our Bennie comes the wrong is changed!

Full oft smile they've when he's gone,
When he appears, in anger hustle,
In search of sunshine—but look there!
Away in threes all mamma's care!

His mamma smiles, our dear one,
With kiss and ball—his treasures new;
While, with mercy call, he rushes out
To answer to the playmate's shout.

Our boy's little life
Is one of happiness and joy;
Bennie will be a man
Tomorrow, H. SELLE MONTGOMERY.

THE ladies of Japan are said to gild their teeth, and those of the Indies to paint them red, while in Guinea the test of beauty is to render them sable. In Greenland the women seek to color their faces with blue and yellow. The Chinese must torture their feet into the smallest possible dimensions—a proof positive of their contented understandings. The ancient Peruvians, and some other Indian tribes, used to flatten their heads; and, among other nations, the mothers, in a similar way, mutilated the noses of their offspring.

HISTORICAL.

BAGDAD, the famous capital of the Caliphs, was founded in 762, by Al Mansor, near the site of Seleucia, or New Babylon, on the Tigris, and about fifty miles from Babylon the Great, on the Euphrates. The magnificent dome edifices built caliphs and peopled them at their pleasure. Old Babylon yielded to Cyrus. New to Ctesiphon. This to Al-madayan, and this to Seleucia and Bagdad, which were successively built by Omar and Al Mansor. Bagdad was the capital of the sovereign Caliphate and the seat of science and the arts.

An old saying for friendship of the strictness with which all popular amusements were prohibited when the Puritans had the ascendency, is the fact that in 1698, 47 Oliver Cromwell prohibited all plays, caused fiddlers or minstrels from playing, fiddling or making music in any inn, ale-house or tavern, etc. If found playing themselves or offered to make music they were to be adjudged to be rogues, vagabonds and disorderly persons, and were to be proceeded against as such.

ABOUT the year 1707 the Jews offered Lord Godolphin, Minister of Queen Anne, to pay £500,000 (if they would have made it £1,000,000) if the Government would allow them to purchase the town of Brentford, with leave to settle there entirely, with full privileges of trade, etc. Godolphin refused to comply with the request, and a serious remorse is assigned by Dean Lockhe, because it would prevent the ruin of the most powerful bodies in the nation, the clergy and the merchants. The Jews had better reason to offer Oliver Cromwell; they offered him £60,000 to have a synagogue in London. He took the money and they built the synagogue.

VOISCENELLA, a pupil of Galileo, having a disagreement with the action of a pump with mercury and made the first barometer in 1643, and Descartes explained the principle. Pascal, however, defended all over Europe, and claims were supposed to be provided with books by which bulls emotion and attraction were effected. In 1654, Otto Guericke, of Magdeburg, made the first air pump, which operated, and by the use of which Boyle discovered the law.

PIERRE BOURDAIRE, in a funeral oration, on the death of Francis I., published 1547, says: "Some people have said that the soul of the King had gone up to paradise. This passing over of purgatory gave offense to the doctors of the Sorbonne, who sent a deputation to wars him of the danger. Francis replying absent, one of his friends resolved them and in reply gayly said: "Be reassured, gentlemen, the soul knows its the late King, my master, never stopped long in any one place, however pleasant Supposing that he were about to pause boy, he assured that his stay would be very short." This pleasantry disarmed the severity of the doctors and the affair went no further.

THE ancients used for writing or to have varied in different ages and nations. Among the Egyptians, also in Asia, Greece, Italy and papyrus—especially the last—were universally employed. The Greeks used brass plates, and the Romans sometimes, but they held the parts of a large bulk, being together; a word, a look, a smile, a frown, are all little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things.

A SECRET.

BY C. A. WILSON.

There's a spot in yonder valley,
Where I know a flower grows fair;
Where the sweetest song birds rally
And the sunbeams love to linger.

Where the tiny fawns seek shelter
From the noonday heat and glare;
Where the deer with timid antlers
Wander free and unaware.

There's a spot in yonder valley,
Where I know a flower grows fair;
And I always stop to listen,
For the song birds sing there.

But I never pass—dare not tell you
What I carry from that spot—
For the trees and birds and waters
Made me promise to keep it.

They say really, truly tell me,
As they sing in accents glad,
Of the sweetest, purest maiden
That ever the sun did wanderer fair;
Who, like the little treasures gathered
Beneath the wandering mill of years,
That the dust of time would hide.

In sad strains, but "neither one name"
Or
Particularize—no name—no name—
To that spot within the dell,
Where I know a flower grows fair;
Fain to hear what they can tell.

Ah! I know what they sing,
Roused to that I'm not to blame—
Though I've promised to keep it,
You should find what they're name,
Some Flora fair.

MY JOURNEY AND ESCAPE.

BY HARRIET E. A. CHESEBRO.

We had been sitting in the cars at E—— Bridge for an hour, at least, and for other purpose that we could make out, but by what we could learn from those who were expecting it were not to be long. The crowd was terrible, for all the inexperienced settling of them it was a wreck in my life. All were in the same humor, thinking the lung-chimney and not to be the floor. I was in a middle of the track where the cars were standing there was a covered platform for the baggage. Above Crease bone of which hung a number of lanterns, which served to slightly illuminate the scene. Every one seemed to be engaged in their own affairs, never offering us a single word of encouragement. The crowd was terrible, for all the inexperienced settling of them it was a wreck in my life. All were in the same humor, thinking the lung-chimney and not to be the floor. I was in a middle of the track where the cars were standing there was a covered platform for the baggage. Above Crease bone of which hung a number of lanterns, which served to slightly illuminate the scene. Every one seemed to be engaged in their own affairs, never offering us a single word of encouragement. The crowd was terrible, for all the inexperienced settling of them it was a wreck in my life. All were in the same humor, thinking the lung-chimney and not to be the floor. I was in a middle of the track where the cars were standing there was a covered platform for the baggage. Above Crease bone of which hung a number of lanterns, which served to slightly illuminate the scene. Every one seemed to be engaged in their own affairs, never offering us a single word of encouragement. The crowd was terrible, for all the inexperienced settling of them it was a wreck in my life. All were in the same humor, thinking the lung-chimney and not to be the floor. I was in a middle of the track where the cars were standing there was a covered platform for the baggage. Above Crease bone of which hung a number of lanterns, which served to slightly illuminate the scene. Every one seemed to be engaged in their own affairs, never offering us a single word of encouragement.

When the crash came, I supposed for the moment that the end of the world had come down the embankment, and perhaps that the fate eternity at once; but soon I found that I was not dead, but suffered pain from the accident, except those in the car. Many were seriously injured in that car, and the cries of the dead without injury was a wonder to me. Several days elapsed before I was discharged out. They that the engine of the freight train that ran into our rear car was sensible enough to jump off the track and land against the end of the platform, there would have been a fearful smash-up. As it was, the engineer of the freight train was badly injured, and the fireman killed. Some of the cars in the rear car who were wounded, and those who escaped without injury, came into the forward car, and the engine and from the scared expression of their faces they evidently felt that they had barely escaped death. It was heartrending to hear the groans of the injured, and the piteous calling for assistance and pleas for some, as there were none on board the train of much account, and it was half an hour or more after the accident before there train started, and then separate cars of an hour more before we reached the township of B——, where the unfortunate ones were cared for.

The dead were laid aside, as the accident proved to some, it was not possible, to attend to them, and so that evening, but early the following morning, the bodies were taken to the town hall, and by that time thousands of people had arrived from far and near. Every one had their friends to look after, and so, but, owing to the fearful accident, was provided for. Just after it occurred, one of the conductors came along the rear car came rushing into our compartment, and informed us that we were all very tired, but the view of the lamplight procession was the best part of the journey. The whole village was out large enough to accommodate half who tried to gain admittance; and of course consisted of the whole village. The torch-bearers, the soldiers and wife, Governors, and others in public office, very satisfactory. But the spectacular thing was close to the end, when the last large enough to accommodate half who tried to gain admittance; and of course consisted of the whole village. The torch-bearers, the soldiers and wife, Governors, and others in public office, very satisfactory. But the spectacular thing was close to the end, when the last large enough to accommodate half who tried to gain admittance; and of course consisted of the whole village. The torch-bearers, the soldiers and wife, Governors, and others in public office, very satisfactory. But the spectacular thing was close to the end, when the last large enough to accommodate half who tried to gain admittance; and of course consisted of the whole village. The torch-bearers, the soldiers and wife, Governors, and others in public office, very satisfactory. But the spectacular thing was close to the end, when the last large enough to accommodate half who tried to gain admittance; and of course consisted of the whole village. The torch-bearers, the soldiers and wife, Governors, and others in public office, very satisfactory. But the spectacular thing was close to the end, when the last

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My friend whom I met on the fair grounds met with me to Mr. B——'s, and spent the night; her husband remaining at the camp, as he belonged to the State militia. The following morning they accompanied me about half way home, in going to their own. I since pondered over my good luck in passing safely through the perils of the accident. While others were wounded and killed, God permitted me to escape without harm. Was it all another

whom I stopped; who, on the evening of my arrival at her house, gave me an opiate for the terrible headache I was suffering, and for other motherly attentions. She was a large, well-proportioned, fine-looking woman, with a heart full of love and charity for every one. Her husband was dead, even to economizing, and her daughter-in-law the upright-haired last mile of a thing one ever saw. Her husband called her "Crickee," and such a beautiful babe as they had might not be seen in a year's journey. I often wonder now if the child is living, and if it lives to grow up what it will make, and if it will not become renowned for a beautiful eyes, if nothing more. Could to think, there is no great deal said, after all about the beauty of form, and this baby was a very.

When my railroad friend and I reached Mr. B——'s we found none but the family in the house, but, by the following night, a brother-in-law of the old couple arrived, and strangers stood at the door pleading for admittance; every place of shelter in the whole town was filled to overflowing, and a few of them were taken in by Mr. B——. This brother-in-law was from a rural district in the northern part of New York State, and he and Mr. B—— had not seen each other for twenty years. "Cricket," who called her father-in-law by his proper name, after having been introduced by her mother-in-law to the related stranger, screamed out to Mr. B——, "Father, I declare, I'm afraid to confess! Why, Harvey, Harvey, a gentleman who wishes to obtain lodgings for the night!" Mr. B—— looked up, and, not recognizing his brother-in-law, gave with a very cordial expression on his countenance said, "I suppose, sir, at present stay, I can find accommodations in the house." A general smoker by them in the room at the time made the remark, and then the brothers-in-law were introduced. "God works in a mysterious way," and the cousin I met as he held out his hand to the brother-in-law. The latter was one of the most diffident, moderate-spoken, and one night almost say frightened-looking, but unassuming, and as soon as he had answered three or four questions, and without asking any, he shook away through the doorway and then a seat was quite by himself on the piazza. After a few minutes I followed him, but the dullness of his companion was such that he shortly left him, and for night we knew him no more. The brother-in-law remained until the end of the Centennial Exhibition, but very little was said about it, and I was not benefited. He was not a very unimposing looking man, but had the appearance of having been dreadfully hampered or very much kept under the dogs. But we will now let the poor man go by the way, and record a few ideas from notes taken at the Exhibition.

The first day, my friend of the railroad accident and I were most of the time in the street amid a great crowd, without seeing anything of great solemnity, except a military parade, and catching a view of President Hayes and his party, Governors and other officials, as they rode in carriages through the street.

THEN it began to drizzle.

And we got out of a daze.

and went back to Mr. B——'s. The next day, the 19th of August, 1877, was to be *the* great day, every one said; we believe it is every year a great day to the Boston people, and especially to the Bunker Hill battle fought there on that day of the month, in the year 1777.

On the morning of the 19th, Mrs. B——, my railroad friend, and I took an omnibus about 9 o'clock, and went to the fair grounds and engaged seats in the pavilion, where we could witness the most important events of the day. I had been there but a few minutes, when I discovered a very dear friend, whom I had not seen before in seven years. I hardly recognized her at first, as she was a mere young when I saw her last, and had since married and become a mother. She and husband added to our company. We had quite a merry day of it. The Mayor of Boston headed the civic parade very fine, the music inspiring, and the day beautiful and wife, Governors, and others in public office, very satisfactory. But the spectacular thing was close to the end, when the last large enough to accommodate half who tried to gain admittance; and of course consisted of the whole village. The torch-bearers, the soldiers and wife, Governors, and others in public office, very satisfactory. But the spectacular thing was close to the end, when the last large enough to accommodate half who tried to gain admittance; and of course consisted of the whole village. The torch-bearers, the soldiers and wife, Governors, and others in public office, very satisfactory. But the spectacular thing was close to the end, when the last large enough to accommodate half who tried to gain admittance; and of course consisted of the whole village. The torch-bearers, the soldiers and wife, Governors, and others in public office, very satisfactory. But the spectacular thing was close to the end, when the last large enough to accommodate half who tried to gain admittance; and of course consisted of the whole village. The torch-bearers, the soldiers and wife, Governors, and others in public office, very satisfactory. But the spectacular thing was close to the end, when the last

POPULAR SCIENCE.

DR. HOLLEY says the total evaporation caused by the rays of the sun on the surface of the Mediterranean was amounts to 94,000,000,000 tons of water in one summer day.

ACCORDING to Dr. Garnier, a skilful diet will cure obesity. To cure indigestion chew green leaves when you are out walking—and you can choose, except those of noxious plants, of course.

AN Italian has constructed an apparatus which determines the quality of silk by the amount of resistance they offer to the passage of electricity. The apparatus may also reveal the presence of cotton in silk fabrics, for a very small portion of cotton in silk causes greatly increases the conductivity of the latter.

DR. WACHSMUTH, of Berlin, says that if one-tenth part of the oil of turpentine is added to other substances they may be administered as an anesthetic without the patient's knowledge of it. The reason assigned is that the penetrating properties of the turpentine interpose in a marked manner to the volatile principle which is sometimes induced by the chloroform, and which is often the cause of death.

IT is stated that newly-ground coffee, sprinkled over grass, will keep it sweet and green for a long time. Clean the grass—that is, wipe off the blades, and the wounded parts with absorbent paper. Then, when the grass is dry, sprinkle ground coffee over and among the feathers, or fur, as the case may be, pack up carefully, and the grass will be preserved fresh and sweet in the most unfavorable weather. Game sent home cooked, if sprinkled with coffee when it packed in boxes or hampers a tendency to keep sweet. This is enough for a lesson of birds, and in the drawn bird in larger game. A lump of charcoal inserted in the cavity of a drawn bird is very desirable.

TO WASH silks, lay the silk smooth on a clean table, with soap upon it, and brush it with a rather hard clothes brush. The amount of brushing requisite will depend upon the quantity of grease upon the silk. When it has been completely brushed, wash soap to remove it from grease and dirt, and gently squeeze it brushed on both sides with clean hand water. Then rinse it in plenty of clean water with which the silk is brushed will prevent the colors from spreading. Should there be any marks of grease upon the silk, they should be removed by the application of benzine, or by the application of a little magnesia and cold hot. Folding or wringing silk when wet is to be carefully avoided, as creases made in silk when wet will never disappear, and, in like manner, hot ends should not be used in ironing silk, as it will in most instances, remove the colors.

GOOD BREEDING.

That man who is thoroughly polite and respectful to all women in public and habitually save coarse manners and vulgar language in the presence of his daughters, is no gentleman. He is only a hypocrite. The young man who oils his hair, puts scent on his cuffs, parts his handkerchief and bows with charming politeness to the ladies, while flippant and her lady friends, and goes home and treat her with contempt and brutality, is a disgusting creation only of a gentleman. Genuine good manners and gentle breeding should begin at home. He only the men in a community who are the most treated are the best men at home. When they speak harshly to their wives or beat his wife's face at the door radiant with welcome, or throw the shoot from the eager children, "Papa's coming!" if is no such a rule to lend that may many. He is honored and well spoken of, if he can.

TRUE DIGNITY.

There are various kinds of dignity. There is the dignity of distance or reserve, and of coarseness or familiarity. The second, or true dignity, is that which is free from both. It keeps itself distant from familiarity. It is a common saying that "familiarity breeds contempt," yet withal this, give us that kind of dignity that will avoid familiarity. A mere fool can appear dignified by keeping himself at a distance, while only the highest kind of a man or woman can be familiar and yet dignified.

CAN'T PREACH GOOD.

No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, lay a brick well, make a good bird, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with a bad taste in the mouth, nasty nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be avoided and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See "Doctor" and "Testimonials" in other column.

A LADY'S valet is not complete without a box of Parmelee's Medicated Complexion Soap.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER.

DONNA CARA.

TRANSLATED FROM DANTE.

In one garden, 'mongst the twilight,
Donna Cara walked with me,
Gathered from the scents around us
Sense and energy and heed minde.

"Influences to me the future,
Donna Cara, seem to have,
And the fragrant flowers, dearest,
Are the fragrant flowers, dearest."

Complaisance is easily talken,
Since I see beneath the moonlight,
Under Donna Cara's window
Is a way concave window seed me.

Now, how brave is indeed and modest!
And no error that thinking she or
Is the one I love, I love.
Or the one she loves, I love.

In this wise so used Donna Cara,
Our delightful our arms were twining,
Under the window of Donna Cara,
Unknown Tandin before me.

Sleek-locked, murmuring loving whispers,
Is my mother in the kitchen?
And the voice my father does only,
Fairy—that the roses greet thee.

Fair—like the roses greet them,
Lovely—like lovers all exploring,
"All me, my beloved, wherefore
Wander these rose-and Ralph loving."

"Twas a great that stung me, Donna;
And those gems in Summer that are
Since so odious to me, as change
Have I not long loved Believe version."

"Think not, sweet, of gems or Hebrews"
Donna Cara said, and sighed me,
"From the blossoms trees we can be
Tokens of more—like tokens beautiful.

"Pulse of more—like tokens blooms in thousands
Breathe around us—and the flowers
Are the gems, the jewels, the treasures,
Richly worth mine, all mine, only."

Was, I love the. Oh, my darling,
By the fervent heat I swear it,
By the love and love of heaven anointed
In their fondest modes mentioned!

"Name not Neither! name! I am!
Says the Infidel, in tones charming,
Donna Cara, "Infidel, Infidel!"
Still—with bitter, hated in memorable.

"Still—with bitter, hated in memorable,
Turned on me her eyes so piercing
As, we only believe, the eyes
Must have been, in Eden, sanctity!"

"Therein is not in me, forever,
As with my heart, dearest, and
Ever must deep at least of Mercy, not
Of this only face of Heaven!"

"Then not, sweet, of Mercy or Heaven!"
Says the Infidel, in tones charming,
Donna Cara, "Infidel, Infidel!"
Still—with bitter, hated in memorable.

Hastily back silken meshes
Flowed on all her graceful shoulders,
As, we only believe, the eyes
Must have been, in Eden, sanctity!"

"Therein is not in me, forever,
As with my heart, dearest, and
Ever must deep at least of Mercy, not
Of this only face of Heaven!"

"Then not, sweet, of Mercy or Heaven!"
Says the Infidel, in tones charming,
Donna Cara, "Infidel, Infidel!"
Still—with bitter, hated in memorable.

Hastily back silken meshes
Flowed on all her graceful shoulders,
As she shook her head, and all
And their beauty are overflowing.

Sings the nightingale, in her dating,
Sings the lark, and sings the linnet,
And above the proud the eagle, warm
Pulse in a many touch-dance.

In the grave to the book grave deeper
Than the plummet lines of love may follow,
Findeth everyone, lonely in the grave
And the leaves their signs entwine.

Let a soul from the earth
Come me those of true and trumpet;
Let another from the unknown
Sends from the unknown that fields her.

Earth—that still, and to, and forever—
Shall them sleep, before we meet!
But we meet! I know, whether this has
Kept so long from me a sweet.

And the lover, smiling gayly,
Kissed the fingers of his Donna—
Kissed his wife and eyes, and kindness,
And so laughed his fine addressed her:

"Lo, my Donna, my beloved,
As the sea of the firmament,
Of—and all—and Beatrice Alice,
Infinite of Swinburne!"

The Notice, in Blackwood's.

UNMASKED.

I.

A brilliant day in mid-August, the sun shining down upon the golden corn fields and yellowing woods, upon the green meadow of burnt, brown grass, and a billion of white cotton-wool on the tree, or rather series of tents, to which portion of Junction people were flocking in crowds.

The occasion was the annual flower show held at Flickford, and the scene within the exhibition was yet more animated than that without; for, through the narrow channels of space left open between the tables and banks of plants, a lively and continuous stream of people was kept flowing. There were young ladies and young men gayly promenading together, absorbed in themselves, and without any pretense of visiting the floriculture; there were old gentlemen in broad and reasonable discussion with the judges' award, and old ladies concentrating closely their attention on the specimens, which they could not read when they had found the white ribbon—the gentry of Flickford were present. But, amid all that throng of every kind of form, was more noticeable than that of Miss Vavasour, and certainly none more eagerly gazed.

Slightly taller than the majority of women, and with her unsurpassed loveliness of face, Maud Vavasour was sufficiently distinguished in the promenade of any assembly without the slight singularity of dress which she had always affected. It was one of her especial characteristics. Not her secretiveness and confidential friend could have predicted what Maud would wear upon any given occasion; but one thing was certain, her attire would be rich in harmony, an artistic design, producing a beauty of effect, the perfection of which her female acquaintances toiled after in vain. Not by day, by the revelation of the character of the spectacle, and to the unclouded and congenial brightness of the weather, all the other ladies present disported themselves in every kind of finery gay tint; but Miss Vavasour it had pleased the upstart abroad among these butterflies clad wholly in black. A flowing dress of some soft, rich material draped her queenly form; about her shoulders was folded a scarf of the same, from the crown of her magnificent head to the sole of her foot she was arrayed in the same sable hue, entirely without relief, except that against one side of her face hovered three models of roses of red, japonica, so cunningly manufactured after nature as to make the beholder doubt if it was imitation for her own headwork; while, from the other side of the lady's parasol—black like the rest of her appointments—hung a bunch of crimson ribbons.

Those she held her slow and stately course up the tent, her glance falling carelessly, indifferently, upon the right hand and the left as she advanced, her head inclining a single inch, and the corners of her mouth relaxing about the thirteenth part of one, at each of the numerous tokens of recognition which she received. She was accompanied by her father, who walked in silence beside her, for her lips were never once unclosed to let drop a remark for his entertainment. Fathers, in Miss Vavasour's opinion, were the appointed medicines for the supply of costly dresses, of expensive pleasures, of desirable luxuries; that and nothing more, except in terms to be of an occasional use as an escort.

This enlightened view of the functions of a parent is apt to result in a deepening dullness to the parent; so when Mr. Vavasour heard a cheery voice behind him asking him how he did, it was with a glad sense of relief that he turned to greet the new comer, who was a friend and fellow magistrate. Miss Vavasour also recognized the tones for Mr. West's, but she, remaining standing coldly aloof for, universal favorite as George West was, he had none of them.

"Glad to have met you! Come with me, and I'll show you the finest potatoes you ever set eyes upon," cried Mr. Vavasour, linking his arm within that of George West.

"One moment," said his friend. "You ought to know Mr. Ralph Irving, as he is to be your neighbor at the Abbey."

Hearing this scrap of information, Miss Vavasour knew the young man who stood a foot or two off beside Adela Vane, a pretty, young cousin, to be the recent purchaser of one of the finest estates in the county, and therefore invested with a good fortune and position in the world, and was thus a handsome person.

"Well, Irving," said West, after the further pause that had been made, as the two coming with us to look at the potatoes, or am I to have you to Adela's tender services?"

"Thank you, I don't know that I am much of a judge of potatoes before they are boiled," answered Irving, who had some experience of Miss West's "tender mercies," and, having found them very grateful and sharp, was by no means at all inclined to make further trial of them. And indeed it was enough to see the girl with her soft and intelligent countenance, with her dove-like glances and smiles fitted as clouds and sunshine over an April sky, to realize that she would make a pleasant companion for a longer or shorter time than a single hour.

"You hear your charge, I hope, Miss West; and are prepared to fulfill it."

"Yes, I am prepared, giving him a pleasant smile. "I suppose," she added, turning lightly to Maud Vavasour, "we are all to take care of one another. Mr. Irving; that is settled."

After the ceremony of introduction the three moved on, Irving between the two young ladies; but ever, as the minutes passed, he turned more and more often to steal a glance at the beautiful face of Miss Vavasour, whence now all the haughty pride and the proud reserve coldness, had fallen away, as a mask is laid aside; ever he cried more resolutely to try to win her smiles, to gain her interest, growing each moment more oblivious of his older acquaintance on the other side. So marked became Irving's preoccupation that when they at last in their course came upon the potatoes exhibited by West Maud made it an occasion for quitting the youngest competitor, declaring she was not half seeing the show, and she had been going straight to heedlessly, without rule, curious, and all.

"Do you like flowers, Miss Vavasour?" asked Irving, as Miss West's defection also succeeded, the pair proceed their way. "What are your favorites?"

"I can hardly say," Maud answered, rather as a law, and not without interest in the plants around. Flowers, moonlight, concerts, all these things in Miss Vavasour's opinion were very useful separate existence of their own to be enjoyed, and thought to by any one person. "I love all, and have no favorites. A bouquet is a bouquet, and was on to me a reminiscence coming to her aid, "I remember that I painted, and some flowers were wanted in the picture; so she artist I was told I would have; but I really can have no choice."

"Does the picture still await your decision?"

"Oh, no!" she replied, with her low rippling laugh. "I have seen it with my hands."

"Indeed! What a want of harmony!" cried Irving.

"A low accomplimentary you are, Mr. Irving!" I thought visists were conventionally full of everything that was pleasant and lovely. But what would you have me do?" she asked, raising her eyes with an expression of innocent wonder to the young man, and instantly veiling them again.

"Forgive," he answered quickly; "proud imperial lillies. No, I am wrong—flowers of fairies, Maud Vavasour was entirely disengaged from the promenade of any assembly without the slight singularity of dress which she had always affected. It was one of her especial characteristics. Not her secretiveness and confidential friend could have predicted what Maud would wear upon any given occasion; but one thing was certain, her attire would be rich in harmony, an artistic design, producing a beauty of effect, the perfection of which her female acquaintances toiled after in vain. Not by day, by the revelation of the character of the spectacle, and to the unclouded and congenial brightness of the weather, all the other ladies present disported themselves in every kind of finery gay tint; but Miss Vavasour it had pleased the upstart abroad among these butterflies clad wholly in black. A flowing dress of some soft, rich material draped her queenly form; about her shoulders was folded a scarf of the same, from the crown of her magnificent head to the sole of her foot she was arrayed in the same sable hue, entirely without relief, except that against one side of her face hovered three models of roses of red, japonica, so cunningly manufactured after nature as to make the beholder doubt if it was imitation for her own headwork; while, from the other side of the lady's parasol—black like the rest of her appointments—hung a bunch of crimson ribbons.

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"Indeed! What a want of harmony!" cried Irving.

"A low accomplimentary you are, Mr. Irving! I thought visists were conventionally full of everything that was pleasant and lovely. But what would you have me do?" she asked, raising her eyes with an expression of innocent wonder to the young man, and instantly veiling them again.

"Forgive," he answered quickly; "proud imperial lillies. No, I am wrong—flowers of fairies, Maud Vavasour was entirely disengaged from the promenade of any assembly without the slight singularity of dress which she had always affected. It was one of her especial characteristics. Not her secretiveness and confidential friend could have predicted what Maud would wear upon any given occasion; but one thing was certain, her attire would be rich in harmony, an artistic design, producing a beauty of effect, the perfection of which her female acquaintances toiled after in vain. Not by day, by the revelation of the character of the spectacle, and to the unclouded and congenial brightness of the weather, all the other ladies present disported themselves in every kind of finery gay tint; but Miss Vavasour it had pleased the upstart abroad among these butterflies clad wholly in black. A flowing dress of some soft, rich material draped her queenly form; about her shoulders was folded a scarf of the same, from the crown of her magnificent head to the sole of her foot she was arrayed in the same sable hue, entirely without relief, except that against one side of her face hovered three models of roses of red, japonica, so cunningly manufactured after nature as to make the beholder doubt if it was imitation for her own headwork; while, from the other side of the lady's parasol—black like the rest of her appointments—hung a bunch of crimson ribbons.

Those she held her slow and stately course up the tent, her glance falling carelessly, indifferently, upon the right hand and the left as she advanced, her head inclining a single inch, and the corners of her mouth relaxing about the thirteenth part of one, at each of the numerous tokens of recognition which she received. She was accompanied by her father, who walked in silence beside her, for her lips were never once

A violent start upon the part of the groom to whom these foolish words were addressed; and then she turned and faced Irving, the color varying in her cheeks, her hand pressed upon her side, as though to forcibly restrain the throbbing of her bosom. "How you startled me!" she cried, hysterically, when at last she succeeded in speaking.

"I am very sorry. I did not believe that you were nervous. My footsteps would not be much heard, I suppose, on the turf. But you must have been in a delightful fit indeed to be startled by mere footsteps," he added, in almost angry surprise.

That morning Adela West did not enliven the breakfast table with talk as her and brilliance on previous days; but her face wore an expression of happiness which had been missing and that ringing laughter. How wrong she had been to think! How foolish to imagine that it was but a vain dream of love in the past that he had entered for her! For she! Ralph Irving had taught Adela West to be happy, and she could not help showing her heart upon as the one good that life had.

III.

Mr. George West sat alone in his study, a newly telegram in his hand, and air of vexation in his countenance.

"From Ralph Irving, London, to-day, Wednesday. Shall not return home until to-morrow. Expect me about six o'clock."

This message Mr. West had received the previous evening from his friend, who had found, by his morning letters, that he was compelled to go up to town with reference to those affairs in which Ralph had taken such an active position as a source of trouble. Irving had promised to return by the last train, which would arrive at Flickford at seven o'clock, and George West, unsingly, was in a state of vexation.

"Expect me at six o'clock," West muttered, contemptuously. "Six o'clock, there is no train arriving at that hour, Master Ralph, so your plan is to arrive at seven, and to come up to the farce o'clock train, paying a little cab fare, and, no doubt, a good deal of his fair Maud. Well, an unexpected guest is a bore, and I am not in the humor to receive any such, whose loving presence of your host, whose loving presence of your host, whose loving presence of your host

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

The Two Cheshire Cats.

BY A. P. WILLIAMS.

Said the first Chessy-cat to the second Chessy-cat:
"Did you ever see a Chessy-cat pout?"
Said the second Chessy-cat to the first Chessy-cat:
"Did you ever see an oyster walk about?"

Said the second Chessy-cat to the first Chessy-cat:
"Did you know that a Chessy-cat could grin?"
Said the first Chessy-cat to the second Chessy-cat:
"Did you know they made tin-dippers out of tin?"

Said the first Chessy-cat to the second Chessy-cat:
"Did you ever see a Chessy-cat cry?"
Said the second Chessy-cat to the first Chessy-cat:
"Did you ever see a snapping turtle fly?"

Said the second Chessy-cat to the first Chessy-cat:
"Did you know that a Chessy-cat could smile?"
Said the first Chessy-cat to the second Chessy-cat:
"Did you know it took two halves to make a mile?"

Said the first Chessy-cat to the second Chessy-cat:
"Did you ever see a Chessy-cat weep?"
Said the second Chessy-cat to the first Chessy-cat:
"Did you ever see a weasel fast asleep?"

Said the second Chessy-cat to the first Chessy-cat:
"Did you know that a Chessy-cat could laugh?"
Said the first Chessy-cat to the second Chessy-cat:
"Did you know there were two quarters in a half?"

Said the first Chessy-cat to the second Chessy-cat:
"Did you ever see a Chessy-cat swoon?"
Said the second Chessy-cat to the first Chessy-cat:
"Did you ever teach an elephant a tune?"

—*St. Nicholas.*

King Alfred's Lantern.

Did you ever try to imagine, when you were studying the beginnings of English history, what kind of people those old Anglo-Saxons were, and how they lived? They were our far-off ancestors, and our language for the most part was made from theirs; in fact, we are called Anglo-Saxons ourselves; so we ought to be interested in them.

They were a rude people in many respects, and lived in a rude way, compared with ours. How would you like windows which had no glass in them,—very small windows, too,—but had oiled paper or sheets of horn instead? Of course the rooms must have been dark and dismal, you will say. And what would you think of houses without chimneys, or anything *we* should call chimneys? But matters were really not much better, even in king's houses, about ten hundred years ago.

The most important room in those days was called the hall; and it was large enough to accomodate the family, the great company of servants, and all the guests who chose to come. They ate there, sat there, and most of them slept there, on rough benches, or rolled up in skins on the floor. It was open to every chance traveler, to the wandering harpers, beggars, and everybody else.

The fire was built against a clay or stone arrangement, answering for a fireplace, at one end, or on an immense stone hearth in the middle; and the smoke, after floating overhead, found its way out through an opening or a kind of turret in the roof. At dark they heaped high the logs and fagots; and happy was he who on a stormy night could get near the blaze. When supper-time came, servants stood before those at table and held torches over their heads till the meal was over; and when bed-time came, the guests who had any other place than the hall to sleep in were lighted to it in the same way.

As for the king, he was more privileged than that; though just what they first used for lights, and just when lamps became common among the Anglo-Saxons, it is not easy to find out. We see in some very old pictures a simple little lamp, shaped perhaps like a saucer, hung by chains at the side of the room, and holding, no doubt, a piece of wax or some kind of oil, with a strip of cloth in it for a wick. Sometimes, in the royal chambers, for a long time after King Alfred's day, a light was kept by means of a cake of wax in a silver basin.

They knew how to make candles, however; but instead of putting one *in* a candlestick, it was put *on* it. The candlestick had a point at the top, called a spike, and the candle was made hollow at the bottom, and slipped down over the spike, one so fixed was known as a "pricket."

There is, among some illustrations of old customs, a picture of a candlestick, which is very queer though very elegant, and looks like a little piece of furniture. It is a tall stem rising from a three-footed, three-cornered stand, very much ornamented; it comes to a point at the top, and a little way below is a plate to hold the tallow or wax that might run down. We do not know that King Alfred had anything like this; but he had what nobody had ever seen before in that country, for he invented it himself, and that was a lantern.

This good king was a very busy man; the people around him might be willing to idle away their days over the fire listening to the harpers, telling stories, and playing with the hounds, but he felt that he had a great work to do. He wanted to make his subjects more civilized, to teach them useful arts, and he had not an hour to waste. He built towns, he built ships; he read, and studied, and wrote,—and that was wonderful, indeed, in those days when there were but few books, and when even princes could not write their own names. He was the best, the wisest, and the most learned king that the Saxons had ever had.

He used to carry in his bosom "memorandum leaves, in which he made collections from his studies," and this journal he was in the habit of examining so much that "he called it his *hand-book*." And, perhaps, that is where the word "hand-book" came from. Of course, he read far into the night, but he soon found two troubles,—there was no way to mark the time, for there were no clocks nor watches then, and he could not keep a steady light, because the houses were so open that the wind came in from every quarter. He had noon-marks, but those amounted to nothing on rainy days; and everybody knows what a country England is for rain.

However, when such a man as Alfred makes up his mind to do a thing, he is almost sure to find a way. So he had a quantity of wax prepared, took enough of it to weigh down seventy-two silver pennies, and of it had six candles made, all weighing the same, and each twelve inches long, and marked off into twelve divisions. He planned so nicely that these would burn twenty-four hours; and he always kept one lighted day and night before some holy relics and images of saints which he had, and which, being a very pious man, he carried about with his luggage wherever he went.

He would now not only have had tolerable light, but a very good way of marking the hours, if the candles had always been sure of burning a given time. But if the wind blew, the flame would flare, and perhaps go out; and the king made up his mind that something could be done to remedy this,—and he did it. He made a frame-work, and fixed into it little plates or windows of horn, scraped so thin that the light could shine through, set his candle inside, and shut it in,—and the thing was done. He had a lantern, sure in all weathers. A very small affair it may seem to *you*, but it was a great one to *him*.

I once saw a picture of a rude Saxon lantern somewhat like his, perhaps, though it was an improvement on it; for no sooner does one man invent a thing, than another finds a way to make it better. This, in shape, made me think of a bird-cage without the tray or railing. It had a kind of cupola-like top, and was much ornamented; there were bands with bosses on them, looking like metal, around the bottom, the middle, and next to the roof; and there was a pretty arched door. Altogether, it was a very curious, but a rather clumsy and rather dark lantern.—*St. Nicholas.*

Burmese Foot-ball.

Among the most curious of popular Burmese games is foot-ball, and it is perhaps the most interesting, as it is not only wholly different from its namesake of the west, but is one of the few Burmese games in which the charm lies in the pure skill of the play, not in the gambling for which it serves as the occasion. Burmese foot-ball has, however, very little in common with the English game. It is, indeed, unquestionably "foot-ball," yet it is no game of vigorous exercise for hot-blooded boys; there is no mimic battle, no furious charge of contending sides. It is a game calling rather for accuracy of eye and for grace and agility of movement, and in character would more properly rank with such a game as "golf" than with the foot-ball of the public schools. If any comparison can be maintained between the two, Burmese foot-ball might perhaps be regarded as a sort of apotheosis of the Rugby "puntabout." The ball itself, about a third the size of a Rugby foot-ball, is a hollow sphere of open-plaited cane-work, forming a hard and very light ball, and the game is played in this wise: Four, six, or eight players stand facing each other in a ring, a few yards' interval separating player from player. Their legs and feet are bare, and the national flowing kilt is bound tightly round the loins for the game, revealing above the knees the tapestry of tattooing which has been already described. The turban is probably thrown aside as likely to interfere in the excitement of the play, and the shining top-knot of hair is tightly bound and worn jauntily aside. The perfection of the game consists in the skill with which the foot-ball is kept from falling to the ground while it is kicked or jerked from player to player, or high in air, around or across the circle, and in the variety of the form of impulse given to it by the players. Each in turn receives the ball as it chances to fall near him and meets it as his fancy prompts him at the moment, for it is by no means kicked uniformly from the foot, but as the player gracefully turns each time to receive it, it is arrested as it falls on the knee, the shin, the ankle, the fore-arm, even on the neck or shoulder, being jerked skillfully into the air from each part of the body in succession. Thus the first kick-off may be made from the toe, and the ball flies across the circle to be received on the thigh of the opposite player; jerked thence it is received by the next player on the shoulder, by a third on the heel, by a fourth on the nape of the neck, and so forth, till it is missed and falls to the ground. It may be supposed that there is greater variety in the skill of foot-ball players, and that much scope is given in the game for the display of grace, agility and quickness of eye. As the sport is confined to one spot moreover, it is as easily watched as it is interesting to the lookers-on—and so universally popular is the game, that throughout the country it may be seen almost daily played by the hour together under a cluster of trees, at the street corner, or on the village green.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Sticking to Newspapers.

The strong attachment of subscribers to well-conducted newspapers is fully confirmed by publishers. "Stop my paper"—words of dread to beginners in business—lose their terror after a paper has been established for a term of years. So long as a paper pursues a just, honorable and judicious course, meeting the wants of its customers in all respects, the ties of friendship between the subscribers and the paper are as hard to break by an outside third party as the link which binds old friends in business or social life. Occasional defects and errors in a newspaper are overlooked by those who have become attached to it, through its perusal for years. They sometimes become dissatisfied with it on account of something which has slipped into its columns, and may stop taking it; but the absence of the familiar sheet at their homes and offices for a few weeks becomes an insupportable privation, and they hasten to take it again, and possibly apologize for having it stopped. No friendship on earth is more constant than that contracted by the reader for a journal which makes an honest, an earnest effort to merit its continued support. Hence a conscientiously-conducted paper becomes a favorite in the family.

Gastrology.

It is common to talk about the stomach of an ostrich, and Josh Billings declares that goats will thrive upon a regular diet of shingle nails. But from all accounts the alligator lays over every other living thing as the champion digester. One was dissected in Florida recently, and was found to be provided with the following "table of contents:" Two gar fish, each three feet long, six flint stones worn smooth as glass, two cypress knees, four pine knots, two fragments of bricks, several yards of cotton cloth, *two volumes of public documents* and a small hand-saw. And a whale lately on exhibition in Cincinnati, is known to have swallowed a broken beer bottle, the bottoms of two glass tumblers, old boot, a screw-driver, a discarded waistcoat, and three or four jack-knives.

Proposed War on Snakes in India.

Mr. A. Bettington has submitted some recommendations to the Indian government with a view to reducing the mortality from snake bites. Among them are the following: "Priests should induce the people to wear boots; volunteers for snake-killing operations should be invited from the army, the police, &c.; poisonous gases and chemicals should be driven into snake-holes; rent-free lands should be given to the heirs of people who die in the operations against snakes; prisoners should be sent out to kill snakes, being allowed meat and tobacco and promised remission of two day's imprisonment for every day spent against snakes; fire and water should be applied to snakes; a blower with a portable metal tunnel should be used for forcing poisonous gases into snake holes; ravines where snakes congregate should be specially treated, chemicals being burt without stint, so that the gases may penetrate the snake-holes and cause asphyxiation to the snakes; parties of trained snake-killers should operate in the Deccan alone; blowing horns, flags and sentries should be used to keep people and birds and harmless animals away from places where snakes are being treated chemically by the agency of fire; land on the banks of rivers should be terraced, and water pumped out of the rivers on to the terraces, so as to drown the snakes or to cause them to come out to their destruction.

A Reckless Man.

While a nurse girl was yesterday drawing a babe along Alfred street she was approached by a queer-looking old chap, whose mouth was working as if he wanted to bite somebody. He halted the cab, chuckled to the child, and finally said to the nurse:

"I used to be just such a little angel myself. Dear me, but how I wanted to kiss him!"

"But you can't," replied the girl.

"I didn't expect to for nothing, of course," he continued, feeling in his pocket. "Here is twenty-five cents, young miss. I used to have to pay half a dollar for kissing 'em, but babies are down now, 'long with everything else."

She looked around, took the money, told him to wipe off his mouth, and he gave the child a smack which sounded like a dish pan starting for down cellar. An old lady came around the corner as he straightened up, and in response to the sharp look she gave him the old man explained: "Been ki-sing the baby—sweet's honey—nicern ice-cream—paid two shillings."

"What!" she demanded.

He again explained, "Well, you must have lots of money, or else you're a lunatic!" she growled. "Pay two shillings to kiss a little young 'un like that when you might have kissed my whole family and the dog to boot for fifteen cents! No wonder you have to wear old clothes!"

Tale of a Turkey.

We would not believe this if it were not related as a fact by the staid and generally truthful Boston *Advertiser.*

We have received from a correspondent the following communication, in regard to which we have nothing to say, except that it is interesting if true. A provision dealer out here in Cambridge bought an old gobbler of a Lexington farmer one day last week, which weighed one hundred and sixty-eight pounds after being dressed. This aged bird was choked to death trying to swallow an old overshoe; hence hence his appearance in the market. A four-ounce bullet was found embedded three inches deep in the flesh under his right wing. The old residents of Lexington tell strange, vague stories about the age of this old fowl, and the supposition is that he received the bullet when old Major Pitcairn ordered the British to fire into the American soldiers, assembled near the old meeting-house at the opening of the "Battle of Lexington."

THE optic of the old man swung loosely on its axis as he glared upon the trembling youth who asked him for the hand of his daughter. "Oh, do not cast me off!" moaned the love-stricken suitor. "Why do you think I'll 'cast you off'?" inquired the stern parent. "Because—because—I think I see the cast in your eye," sighed the sufferer. Then the old man cast him out of the back window.—*Hackensack Republican.*

It is worth double its price.—*Oswego (Conn.) Advertiser.*

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Announcements for 1878-9.

Among the attractions for the coming year are the following:

"HAWORTH'S," a serial novel, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." The scene of Mrs. Burnett's new novel is laid in Lancashire; the hero is a young inventor of American birth. "Haworth's" is the longest story Mrs. Burnett has yet written. It will run through twelve numbers of the Monthly, beginning with November, 1878, and will be profusely illustrated.

FALCONBERG, a serial novel, by H. H. Boyesen, author of "Gunnar," "The Man Who Lost His Name," etc. In this romance, the author graphically describes the peculiarities of Norse immigrant life in a Western settlement.

A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS, by George W. Cable, to be begun on the conclusion of "Falconberg." This story will exhibit the state of society in Creole Louisiana about the years 1803-4-5, the time of the Cession, and a period bearing a remarkable likeness to the present Reconstruction period.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN POETS. This series (begun in August with the portrait of Bryant) will be continued, that of Longfellow appearing in November. These portraits are drawn from life by Wyatt Eaton and engraved by T. Cole. They will be printed separately on tinted paper, as frontispieces of four different numbers. Illustrated sketches of the lives of the poets will accompany these portraits.

STUDIES IN THE SIERRAS, a series of papers (mostly illustrated) by John Muir, the California naturalist. The most graphic and picturesque, and, at the same time, exact and trustworthy studies of "The California Alps" that have yet been made. The series will sketch the California Passes, Lakes, Wind Storms and Forests.

A NEW VIEW OF BRAZIL.—Mr. Herbert H. Smith, of Cornell University, a companion of the late Prof. Hartt, is now in Brazil, with Mr. J. Wells Champney (the artist who accompanied Mr. Edward King in his tour through "The Great South"), preparing for SCRIBNER a series of papers on the present condition—the cities, rivers and resources of the great empire of South America.

THE "JOHNNY REB" PAPERS, by an "ex-Confederate" soldier, will be among the raciest contributions to SCRIBNER during the coming year. They are written and illustrated by Mr. Allen C. Redwood, of Baltimore. The first of the series, "Johnny Reb at Play," appears in the November number.

THE LEADING EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES. We are now having prepared, for SCRIBNER, articles on the leading Universities of Europe. They will be written by an American College Professor, Mr. H. H. Boyesen, of Cornell (author of "Falconberg," &c.), and will include sketches of the leading men in each of the most important Universities of Great Britain and the Continent.

Among the additional series of papers to appear may be mentioned those on "How Shall We Spell" (two papers by Prof. LOUNSBURY), "The New South," "Lawn-Planting for Small Places" (by SAMUEL PARSONS, of Flushing), "Canada of To-day," "American Art and Artists," "American Archæology," "Modern Inventors;" also, Papers of Travel, History, Physical Science, Studies in Literature, Political and Social Science, Stories, Poems; "Topics of the Time," by Dr. J. G. Holland; record of New Inventions and Mechanical Improvements; Papers on Education, Decoration, &c.; Book Reviews; fresh bits of Wit and Humor, &c., &c., &c.

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Good Things for 1878-9.

The arrangements for literary and art contributions for the new volume—the sixth—are complete, drawing from already favorite sources, as well as from promising new ones. Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new serial story for boys,

"A Jolly Fellowship,"

Will run through the twelve monthly parts—beginning with the number for November, 1878, the first of the volume—and will be illustrated by James E. Kelly. The story is one of travel and adventure in Florida and the Bahamas. For the girls, a continued tale,

"Half a Dozen Housekeepers,"

By Katharine D. Smith, with illustrations by Frederick Dielman, begins in the same number; and a fresh serial by Susan Coolidge, entitled "Eyebright," with plenty of pictures, will be commenced early in the volume. There will also be a continued fairy tale called

"RUMPTY DUDGET'S TOWER."

Written by Julian Hawthorne, and illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. About the other familiar features of ST. NICHOLAS, the editor preserves a good-humored silence, content, perhaps, to let her five volumes already issued prophesy concerning the sixth, in respect to short stories, pictures, poems, humor, instructive sketches, and the lure and lore of "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," the "Very Little Folks" department, and the "Letter-box" and "Riddle-box."

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Chicago Hemlandet	3.50
Chicago Interior	3.50
Chicago Inter Ocean	2.50
Chicago Journal	2.50
Chicago Daily News	2.50
Chicago Weekly News	2.00
Chicago Pilot	3.00
Chicago Tribune	2.00
Christian at Work	3.75
Christian Union	3.75
Cincinnati Times	2.50
Country Gentleman	3.50
Danbury News	3.00
Detroit Free Press	3.00
Drover's Journal	3.00
Forest and Stream	4.60
Gleason's Home Circle	3.00
Gleason's Pictorial	3.00
Harper's Bazar	4.75
Harper's Weekly	4.75
Irish World	3.65
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Kentucky Live Stock Journal	3.75
Lakeside	3.00
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Louisville Courier-Journal	2.75
Milwaukee Weekly Wisconsin	2.50
New York Graphic	3.25
New York Ledger	3.75
New York Nation	6.25
New York News	2.75
New York Post	2.50
New York Tribune	2.75
New York Weekly	3.75
Prairie Farmer	3.00
Rural New Yorker	3.00
Saturday Evening Post	2.65
Scientific American	4.35
Springfield (Mass.) Republican	3.00
Spirit of the Times	5.50
Staats-Zeitung	3.10
Standard	3.00
St. Louis Globe-Democrat	2.50
Svenska Tribunen	3.00
Toledo Blade	2.50
Waverly Magazine	5.50
Weekly Witness	2.25
Welt Bote	3.00
Western Rural	3.00

All persons availing themselves of this offer will please remember that the money and the order for both papers must be sent at the same time. Address

THE LEDGER, Chicago, Ill.

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Eight large quarto pages. Fine amber paper, thick and strong. Sweet wee stories, dainty pictures, merry jingles, and funny bits of baby life, all in large type, with words divided into syllables. A KINDERGARTEN in itself.

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MANHOOD. Young and middle-aged men, who are in a Nervous, Debilitated and Exhausted condition, should read Dr. Acton's pamphlet containing his celebrated prescriptions. Pamphlet and sample box of Acton's Remedy sent free to all. Address Hammond, Jones & Co., Cincinnati, O.

IT was under the stars, at the front gate: "May I kiss you?" he murmured in her ear. Her color came and went; her heart beat faster than Rarus trots; she looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh, with a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye, and then replied: "Proposition accepted, if done only once."—*Albany Journal.*

RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul.

Union Depot, corner Canal and Madison streets. Ticket Office, 63 Clark street and at Depot.

Trains.	Leave.	Arrive.
Milwaukee Express	* 7:55 a m	* 7:45 p m
Wisconsin and Minnesota, Green Bay and Menasha through Day Express	* 10:10 a m	* 4:00 p m
Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota Express	* 5:00 p m	* 10:45 a m
Wisconsin and Minnesota, Green Bay, Stevens Point and Ashland through Night Express	† 9:00 p m	‡ 7:00 a m

All trains run via Milwaukee. Tickets for St. Paul and Minneapolis are good either via Madison and Prairie du Chien, or via Watertown, LaCrosse and Winona.

Chicago and Northwestern Railway.

Ticket offices, 62 Clark-st., Sherman House, and at Depot.

Trains.	Leave.	Arrive.
a Pacific Fast Line	[illegible]	[illegible]
a Sioux City and Yankton	[illegible]	[illegible]
a Omaha Night Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
a Sioux City and Yankton	[illegible]	[illegible]
a Dubuque Day Ex. via Clinton	[illegible]	[illegible]
a Dubuque Night Ex.	[illegible]	[illegible]
a Freeport, Rockford & Dub.	[illegible]	[illegible]
a Freeport, Rockford & Dub.	[illegible]	[illegible]
b Milwaukee Fast Mail (daily)	[illegible]	[illegible]
b Milwaukee Special (Sundays)	[illegible]	[illegible]
b Milwaukee Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
b Milwaukee Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
b Milwaukee Pass. (daily)	[illegible]	[illegible]
b Green Bay Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
b St. Paul & Minneapolis Ex.	[illegible]	[illegible]
b St. Paul & Minneapolis Ex.	[illegible]	[illegible]
b LaCrosse Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
b LaCrosse Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
b Winona and New Ulm	[illegible]	[illegible]
b Winona and New Ulm	[illegible]	[illegible]
b Marquette Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
a Geneva Lake & Rockf'd Ex.	[illegible]	[illegible]
b Geneva Lake Express	[illegible]	[illegible]

Pullman Hotel Cars are run through between Chicago and Omaha on the train leaving Chicago at 10:30 a. m. No other road runs these celebrated cars west of Chicago.

a Depot corner Wells and Kinzie-sts.
b Depot corner Canal and Kinzie-sts.

Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis Line.

Ticket offices, 62 Clark-st., and at Kinzie-st. Depot.

Trains.	Leave.	Arrive.
St. Paul and Minneapolis Ex.	[illegible]	[illegible]
St. Paul and Minneapolis Ex.	[illegible]	[illegible]

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific R. R.

Depot, corner Van Buren and Sherman-sts. Ticket office, 56 Clark-st., Sherman House.

Trains.	Leave.	Arrive.
Rock Island Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Omaha, Leavenworth and Atchison Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Peru Accommodation	[illegible]	[illegible]
Night Express	[illegible]	[illegible]

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad.

Depots, foot of Lake-st., Indiana-av. and Sixteenth-st., and Canal and Sixteenth-sts. Ticket offices, 59 Clark-st., and at Depots.

Trains.	Leave.	Arrive.
Mendota and Galesburg Ex.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ottawa and Streator Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rockford and Freeport Ex.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dubuque and Sioux City Ex.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Pacific Fast Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Kansas and Colorado Ex.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Downer's Grove Accommodat'n	[illegible]	[illegible]
Aurora Passenger	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mendota and Ottawa Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Aurora Passenger	[illegible]	[illegible]
Downer's Grove Accommodat'n	[illegible]	[illegible]
Freeport and Dubuque Ex.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Omaha Night Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Texas Fast Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Kansas City and St. Joe Ex.	[illegible]	[illegible]

Pullman's Palace Dining Cars and Pullman's sixteen-wheel Sleeping Cars are run between Chicago and Omaha on the Pacific Express.

Chicago, Alton and St. Louis, and Chicago, Kansas City and Denver Short Lines.

Union Depot, West Side, near Madison-st. bridge, and Twenty-third-st. Ticket offices, at Depots, and 122 Randolph-st.

Trains.	Leave.	Arrive.
Kansas City and Denver Fast Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
St. Louis, Springf'ld & Texas	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mobile & New Orleans Ex.	[illegible]	[illegible]
St. Louis, Springf'ld & Texas	[illegible]	[illegible]
Peoria, Burlington & Keokuk Fast Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chicago & Paducah R. R. Ex.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Streator, Lacon and Washington Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Joliet and Dwight Accom.	[illegible]	[illegible]

Illinois Central Railroad.

Depots, foot of Lake-st. and foot of Twenty-second-st. Ticket offices, at Depots, and 121 Randolph-st.

Trains.	Leave.	Arrive.
St. Louis Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
St. Louis Fast Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cairo and New Orleans Ex.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cairo and Texas Express (on Saturday nights runs to Centralia only)	[illegible]	[illegible]
Springfield Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Springfield Night Ex., daily	[illegible]	[illegible]
Peoria, Burlington & Keokuk	[illegible]	[illegible]
Peoria, Burlington & Keokuk (on Saturday nights runs to Peoria only)	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dubuque & Sioux City Ex.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dubuque & Sioux City Ex.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Gilman Passenger	[illegible]	[illegible]

Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis R. R. Cincinnati Air Line and Kokomo Line.

Depot, corner Canal and Carroll-sts., West Side.

Trains.	Leave.	Arrive.
Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville, Columbus and East Day Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Night Express	[illegible]	[illegible]

Kankakee Line.

Depots, foot of Lake, and foot of Twenty-second-sts.

Trains.	Leave.	Arrive.
Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Louisville Day Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Night Express	[illegible]	[illegible]

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Depots, Exposition Building, and foot of Twenty-second-st. City offices, 83 Clark-st., Palmer and Grand Pacific Hotels.

Trains.	Leave.	Arrive.
Morning Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Fast Express	[illegible]	[illegible]

Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne and Chicago R. R.

Depot, corner Canal and Madison-sts. Ticket offices, 65 Clark-st., Palmer House, and Grand Pacific Hotel.

Trains.	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail and Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Pacific Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Fast Line	[illegible]	[illegible]

Lake Shore and Michigan Southern.

Trains.	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail (via Main Line)	[illegible]	[illegible]
Special New York Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Atlantic, N. Y. Ex. (daily)	[illegible]	[illegible]
Fast Express	[illegible]	[illegible]

Michigan Central Railroad.

Depots, foot of Lake-st., and foot of Twenty-second-st. Ticket offices, 67 Clark-st., southeast corner Randolph, Grand Pacific Hotel, and Palmer House.

Trains.	Leave.	Arrive.
Mail (via Main and Air Line)	[illegible]	[illegible]
Day Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
Kalamazoo Accommodation	[illegible]	[illegible]
Atlantic Express (daily)	[illegible]	[illegible]
Night Express	[illegible]	[illegible]

EXPLANATION OF REFERENCE MARKS.—† Saturday excepted. *Sunday excepted. ‡ Monday excepted. Arrive Sunday at 8 a. m. § Daily.

GOODRICH'S STEAMERS.

For Racine, Milwaukee, etc., daily	* 9 a m
Saturday's boat don't leave until	8 p m
For Manistee, Ludington, etc., daily	* 9 a m
For Grand Haven, Muskegon, etc., daily	* 7 p m
For St. Joseph, etc., daily	* 10 a m
Saturday's boat don't leave until	11 p m
For Milwaukee, Green Bay, etc., Tuesday and Friday	7 p m
For Milwaukee, Escanaba, etc., Tuesday	7 p m
For Milwaukee, Mackinaw, Northport, etc., Wednesday	7 p m

*Sundays excepted. Docks foot Michigan-av.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER.

THE HOME.

[That this department may be made as interesting and useful as possible, we request our readers, particularly our lady readers, to send us short communications relating to home interests. Ladies, with their busy ingenuity are always devising conveniences and useful in the way of items, home recipes, etc., and many of these will save their sisters much the benefit of them through the "Home" department—which was instituted for the benefit of women, and all their suggestions—they will be doing a kindness to their fellow readers as well as to ourselves.]

Housework.

Washing, scrapping, baking, churning;
Hear day coming soon to pass
And the hour irresistibly dudeth
Into the morning glass.
Then the hurrying and the scurrying
With the toothbrushes to make;
Oh! the pattering and the flattering
How they make our fingers ache.

Step of all the various duties
That we busy housewives find,
Is the most provoking thing
Why, the thing that must be handled
Over and over, day after day,
Almost makes one wish the things
Were in bits or children's play.

Now, don't tell me I am wicked—
I am not, for I only speak
What is natural to us all—
Unless tasks can be set at rest
And the only way to do that
Is a paper or a book.
Then I am perfectly satisfied
Each in his own cozy nook.

I know well that our weary
Have claimed the needful grace,
With a patient, cheerful spirit,
All duty's pain to trace,
Oh, what a one-ness that realizes!
Oh, what a one-ness that knows!
Tonight, with a cheerful tongue,
"Learn to labor and to wait."

Christmas Is Coming!

"For road to wealth." That is
Good a present that is true and invaluable; it is one that we would gently by if we followed it closely. It is not alone to save money we are careful, but to be wasteful and extravagant.

It is economical to buy things in season, as many other bad habits, that tend to destroy an housewife's happiness. Many a husband, with a big boddies, it will make the "best of lotsdale" and the gulf of Mexico he will find himself in the poor house before he knows it, unless he has a wife who understands the world's complexities, or an affectionate and true wife who will study his interests and help him to success. Many a man's life would be manifold farmer. All the hardearned savings, his sister (that is most dear to all good, true people), would be swept over the precipice of ruin, if he had not a wife who is careful and economical in her purchases.

All when we think of all these things, does it not seem a pity that so many women, both hungry, careworn human creatures that rebel at the very name of work, and who would be the first to shout for joy on receiving a very important duty, one which is of the greatest importance to the world, and which every little child ought to be instructed in the branch of study—a science, in fact—which is the key to it all, then the blame must fall on the mother's shoulders. Many a mother says, "Oh, I have a desire to buy young to learn; she is only a child yet." Now that is just where you make your mistake—you should not wait for the child to be grown, instead of taking the tender twig that will bend to your will, you wait until the tree has grown a solid trunk, and every gale in the world has had a chance to bend it, and it is then you find it impossible to bend it to your will, and even she could not bend it to her will. If she could not all of her pie or cake, she would not be discouraged, but would try again, and again, until she succeeded in making the very best. Well, I cannot learn my children to do this; they won't set bread or anything else, unless it is fresh cake." But, my dear friends, that is the mistake you make. Let your children learn to bake from the time they are old enough to manage. And, another thing, teach your children economical. Teach them if there is anything wasteful as to use a child grab for, and keep, and preserve, and put away for use in some other form. Teach them to save, to use, to learn, to be looked, and which I sincerely hope may be the case with all of our readers, and to be economical and true.

Christmas is coming, and we all know how costly and how extravagant we are apt to be at this season of the year, and on the first day of the new year, we are sorry and ashamed of the many foolish things we have purchased and given away, and again that the next year shall be more economical, and we will be more careful in our purchases. How faithfully we keep them for a few months, and then our duty, it may be, takes a new form, or at least we allow it to, and then, after the first novelty has worn away, we are careless and need suggestions; the second is more easily accomplished. Would it not be better, dear friends, and more to our credit to make a less number of gifts, and to make them more useful that they shall be worn out and thrown away? Let us make a study of proper gifts to bring suggestions as to what will be the most useful during the year which will soon dawn on us? We each mention some article, and then we will the rest can adopt or leave it alone, as they think best. Now, I think it will be a good plan if each good service to pay that we shall not be willing to neglect it. It is time. To keep a strict account of every cent we expend in the category of my household expenses. In fact, I have done so for years, and I find it a great help and aid at once, and in future years, as I wish to know the cost of any article, there it is to look and there it will be found. It is a pleasure to know how much they spend; you may not think so now, but you will learn to do so, and how much you have spent and the day when you spent it. Then, at the end of the year, it is a wonderful saving to you. Then, when you go for payment according to bill, I referred to my account book, and there was the bill and amount paid. I went to the store, produced my book, and it was either verified or the discrepancies corrected, and I found it a most satisfactory way of doing business. And I will ask our readers to try it during 1879?

PANSY LEAF.

Ornamenting Our Homes.

The sitting-room, where the family spend the greater portion of the time, should be the most comfortable room in the house. Cover the walls and ceiling with light-colored paint and paper, and, in choosing a carpet, be sure that red is the predominating color, that does not fade like many other colors, and gives the room a warm, cozy appearance. Let the walls be hung with pictures, which need not necessarily be taken up by auctions, as the work and the cheaper sized prints answering the purpose as well as the larger ones. Engravings to be placed in the parlor, where smaller ones with colored stages, or original paintings will answer for larger pictures. Have a number of brackets for vases, which, filled with evergreens or fresh flowers, will ornaments, and very handsome. Have a few pieces of bric-a-brac. Decorating them with decalcomania or engraving, photographs, colored, but by no means. Also, paint fence, rail, gates, yellow, and the house a pretty shade of brown, with white trimmings. Cover the kitchen paper shades, and frames them. Instead of white, have them a pretty shade of green, which is very pretty. Use tube paints that are used for oil painting, thinning up with a coat of varnish.

Then, of course, the bay window, or some other window, must be neatly fastened with house plants; which, if selected and attended to according to "Brooks' directions, will be easy all the labor expended on them. And last, but not least, have a few pictures and books in the sitting-room.

Bare walls are said to impart a cheerless appearance to the room. Then hang up pictures; you will learn to spend their leisure hours there, which, if not, they will be spending where the home will be anything but pleasant. There are many of the boys who are spending their evenings in saloons, and we can but put the question to ourselves, Why is it? Because the parents who have the ability and time are would not make home pleasant? Because the parents who have the ability and time are would not make home pleasant? Because the parents who have the ability and time are would not make home pleasant